







CURED!

By

Brian

Ború

Dunne





"Yet, in spite of it all, I am CURED!—Cured of my illness and cured of my cures."

CURED!

**The 70 Adventures of a
Dyspeptic**

By
BRIAN BORÚ DUNNE

Foreword by
H. G. WELLS

**With cartoons by Hugh Doyle and
cover design by Enrico Monetti**

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no,

DEDICATED
TO
MRS. CABOT WARD
WHOM I HAVE OFTEN ADMIRERD THROUGH
PROPERLY ADJUSTED GLASSES

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FOREWORD

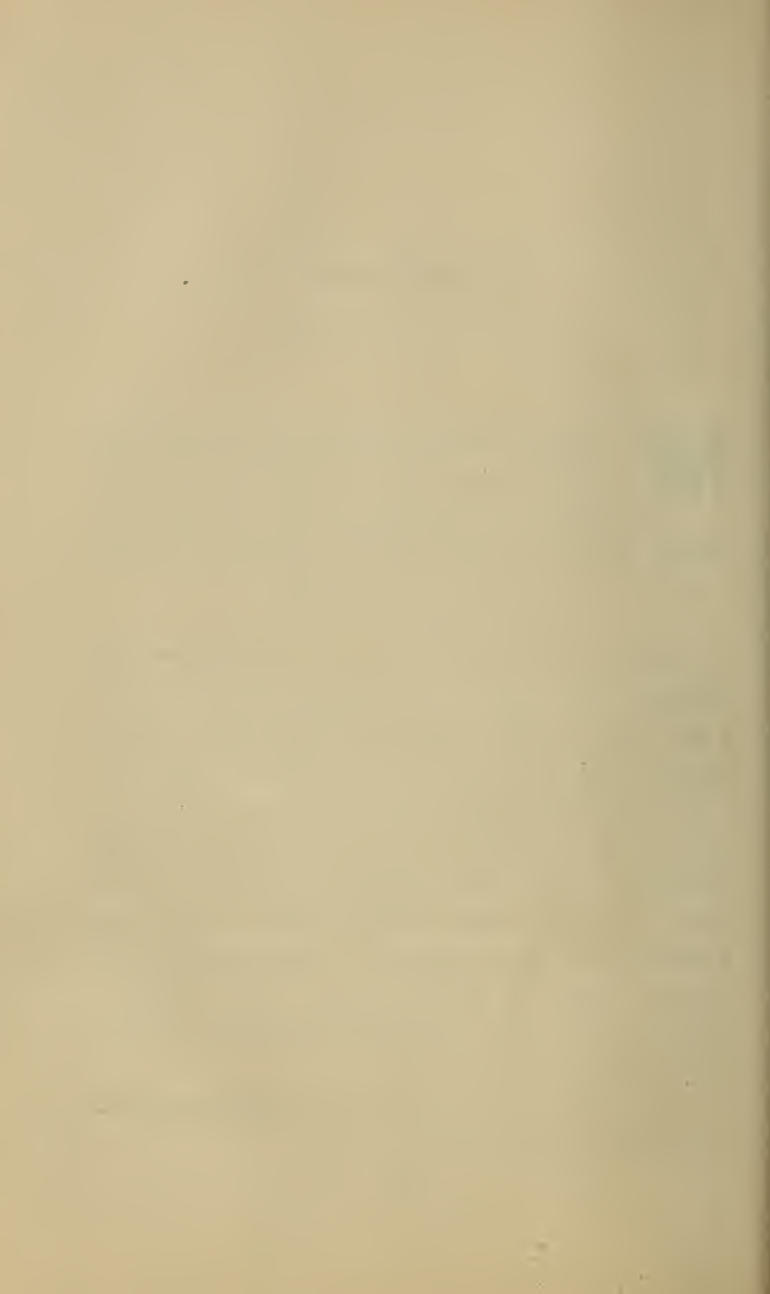
BY H. G. WELLS

MY friend, George Gissing, told me, long ago in Italy, of a youthful exile from America whom he had met in Siena, ill, lonely, hard-up and invincibly cheerful, named

BRIAN BORÚ DUNNE.

I have never met B. B. D., but I have the vividest impression of him from G.'s description, and now here he is to hand again after a lapse of thirteen years with a manuscript shining with cheerfulness and telling of years of unbroken ill health. He has been through SEVENTY cures (70 cures)—How G. would have rejoiced over him!—and he emerges CURED and with not merely wisdom for all who have to do with doctors, but a whole flood of illumination upon the difficult problem of *how to be happy though sick*.

Good luck to his book, a real contribution to the difficult art of living!



CURED!

THE SEVENTY ADVENTURES OF A DYSPEPTIC

CHAPTER I

*The Wet Sheet Pack—Country Hotels—
Mountain Air—Salt Air—The Lazy Life
—Salt Baths at Home—Sulphur Water—
Stomach Baths—Light Work, and Pe-ru-na.*

I TOOK in all just seventy cures for that dread malady, nervous dyspepsia. But I did not start out to be a cure collector. It was not deliberately that I embarked on so perilous a career. Nor did curiosity lure me on from cure to cure. Never was there, perhaps, a more sincere, a more pathetic seeker after health; never was there a more faithful believer in the infallibility of the medical profession. Yet, in spite of it all, I am CURED!—cured of my illness and cured of my cures. I shall tell my plain, unvarnished tale and give you the benefit of my experiences, hoping to fulfil Mr. Wells' prediction of imparting "wisdom for all who have to do with doctors."

First of all I went to an infirmary.

"Have you any pain in your stomach?" asked the doctor, who looked like Kipling.

"Stomach?" Where had I heard that word before? Was it in the patent medicine ads I saw in the newspapers? Still I hesitated to answer.

"Do you know where your stomach is?" persisted the medical man. He was plainly perplexed.

"No, I'm not quite sure," I answered feebly.

"I guess you haven't much pain there—otherwise you'd know it," retorted the doctor. Then he thumped me on the chest, and commanded me: "Say ninety-nine—ninety-nine." He requested me to breathe "naturally" and listened to my chest with rubber tubes attached to a little rubber cup which he kept prowling around from one lung to the other. The examination over, he said: "You need some wet sheet packs with rest." He added that he would speak to the house doctor and the head nurse. He left me.

And then I rested—between packs. It was a petite, brown-eyed nurse who "packed" me, scolding me when I gasped as she pasted the wet, icy sheets around me. "They are to make

you sleep soundly," she whispered in explanation. In the day time a great Juno of a nurse, with a Sphinxic smile made me swallow an amber-colored fluid which tasted like unripe persimmons. I later ascertained it was called "nux vomica." This Juno also gave me lessons in what she called "hospital etiquette." I was forbidden to ask questions about medicines and diseases and to walk around with a thermometer in my mouth. How I yearned to get out of that infirmary, with its restrictions! Still, many of the nurses were decidedly pretty.

I had made a long, brave fight to escape that infirmary. For months I had worked as a reporter on the *Baltimore Sun*. Finally the late hours, the irregular and hurried meals, the worry over scoops and the hurry—hurry—of the metropolitan newspaperman's life began to tell on me. I felt an all-gone sensation at what I later ascertained was the "pit" of my stomach. I was terribly weak from knees to ankles and my heart acted queerly at times. I was in a fever of excitement. Then one night—in June, on the very eve of my vacation, as I was passing the infirmary my heart began to thump at a terrible rate. Thinking I was about to die, I

rushed into the infirmary screaming for a doctor.

After two weeks of the wet sheet packs and the amber fluid I prevailed on the house doctor and my family physician, Dr. Dorr (of course, I give fictitious names to physicians in this narrative), to let me try life at a country hotel. I had read much about the health-giving country life. Two more weeks found me still a nervous wreck and Dr. Dorr sent me to the mountains. "Good air makes good blood, and good blood makes good nerves," he declared. I returned to the city far from fit. Then Dr. Dorr sent me to the seashore to try salt air and an occasional dip. I did not improve.

"You are in a very nervous state," said the doctor. "You will get well by learning to grow lazy." It was decided that I resign from the paper and spend a year on a plantation in Balmy Alabama.

That night as I was leaving Baltimore "on the midnight choo-choo for Alabam'" I tossed in my Pullman berth while traveling men and others snored soundly and serenely around me. Then I suddenly realized that from a strong, healthy young man (I was but 23), I had been made an invalid. I resolved to spare no effort

or expense to regain my former buoyant health.

It required but a few meals from the frying pan of Balmy Alabam' to reveal to me the precise location of my stomach. The fried food—everything that came on the table had a veneer of grease—produced many symptoms of marked distress in the “epigastrium.” I grew more and more nervous, until I was positively hysterical. Dr. Young came to see me. He was a pleasant looking chap, with an energetic air. He whipped out a needle, sterilized the end of it with a match, and jabbed it into my arm.

“Ouch!” I exclaimed. “Why did you do that?”

“It is the duty of a physician to relieve pain,” Dr. Young replied.

In a few seconds I grew drowsy. I forgot the fried ham, the fried eggs, the fried mush, the golden biscuits loaded with baking soda, the black molasses of fermenting propensities. I felt happy, contented, soothed. I fell into a deep slumber. It was my first hypodermic.

The next morning I awoke at nine with a champagne headache and no Seltzer to relieve it. I walked with difficulty to the office of Dr. Young, for advice. He said: “I reckon you have acid dyspepsia.” He wrote out a prescrip-

tion for some dyspepsia tablets, remarking, "these will digest anything." They ought to have been powerful, for they cost \$1 for a small bottle. I felt better for a couple of days and then I began to suffer with dyspepsia, though I didn't know what kind.

The druggist suggested I try some dyspepsia tablets at 50 cents a box. I took them, but they were helpful for only a day. Dr. Young was then consulted. "You had better take salt baths at home—one every morning and one every evening," he advised. I purchased a huge sack of salt, for Dr. Young had assured me that I should take them "as salty as possible." I bathed in a solution which would have made the Great Salt Lake and the Dead Sea look like distilled water in comparison. Soon I got results—my skin began to peel off! Yet my dyspepsia stuck to me.

I returned to Dr. Young, who advised me to try the sulphur spring fourteen miles distant. "I have never known any dyspeptic to drink that water without marked benefit," he declared with fine emphasis.

Dr. Martin Gleason, surnamed "Doc," was in charge of the springs. He was tall, emaciated, with fish-like eyes and a complexion of a

man suffering with gall stones. I was amazed to hear him say that sulphur water had "*cured*" him. Of what, indeed? He looked as though he were about to die of a "complication of disorders," to use the polite journalistic term.

Dr. Gleason explained that he once had a very chronic case of dyspepsia, but the sulphur water had made it vanish. He advised me to drink the water as it bubbled up before the "precious gases escaped."

I followed his directions, drinking pitchers of the liquid, which looked like olive oil and smelt like over-ripe eggs. The only noticeable effect was a loud splashing sound when I walked up or down stairs.

After ten days of the guzzling and splashing I grew so weak that it seemed certain sulphur water was not needed in my case. I returned to the village to consult Dr. Young. He listened to my sad story and seemed much disappointed, but certainly not more so than I. He finally declared: "I do not know what else to recommend."

I returned to my boarding house in a state of deep dejection. The village school principal, a fat, genial creature, tried to cheer me up. He had a perfect digestion and rosy cheeks that I

envied. He said that even if I had not been improved by the dyspepsia tablets, salt baths and sulphur water, there was yet hope. He reminded me of "Doc" Munion. The principal admitted, however, that he thought he had lost his wife for lack of a good doctor in that village. This was not very encouraging news to me. Yet he insisted on my consulting an older physician, Dr. Plunkett by name. "This fellow," he said, "may have less palaver than the younger man, but he has more science."

Dr. Plunkett was big and burly, but sympathetic in his voice. He pressed on my stomach and remarked that it was doubtless "dilated" on account of its "atonic" condition. This ailment he defined as "atonic dyspepsia," or weakness of the stomach walls. I told him Dr. Young had declared I had *acid* dyspepsia. "I think you *lack* acid," he replied. "Do you think I have cancer of the stomach?" I exclaimed in alarm, remembering Napoleon's terrible malady.

Dr. Plunkett assured me that I had no symptoms of cancer; my body was too well nourished for that. "At your age the stomach walls can easily regain their tone," he added cheerfully.

I took all the medicines Plunkett ordered. Some were so ropy they could have been cut with scissors. I grew weaker and more nervous. "We ought to get results soon!" said Plunkett encouragingly. I did not improve. After three days, Plunkett frowned and announced that my stomach would have to be "washed."

I informed Dr. Plunkett that I took sponge baths every day and that my stomach had *not* been neglected; that I had even taken salt baths. Dr. Plunkett laughed. "The stomach bath I wish you to take is an internal one; it will wash all the mucus from the walls of your stomach. That's why those medicines of mine couldn't act. Too much mucus on the walls of the stomach."

He drove me to his office, where we met another doctor named Plimhimmon, of dudish appearance. Dr. Plimhimmon moved around the village in a barouche drawn by two fine horses. I had heard he charged \$10 for night visits. He must have been a scientific man, with real magnetic powers, to extract such a fee from the patients in that place. "I have brought the doctor to help give the stomach bath as he is bright on the work," said Plunkett.

Dr. Plimhimmon had little to say about the work which he so well understood. Dr. Plunkett tried to be cheery, using a phrase I had heard at the hospital: "Oh, it won't be so bad." He took out of a drawer a long rubber tube which resembled a snake. I suppose this tube was four or five feet long and it was certainly bigger around than a lead pencil. It had a funnel, of rubber too, at one end. Dr. Plunkett said that I would have to swallow that tube eighteen inches. I did not believe it possible. He explained that the little end of the tube had to reach the "pit" of the stomach. He would then pour water down the funnel-end of the tube and siphon it out into a basin. In this way, he explained, the stomach would not only be washed but scrubbed out.

I must admit I did not relish the idea of a rubber tube diet, especially when it had to be rammed down the throat. Dr. Plunkett advanced with the rubber tube and put one end into my mouth. My, what a time I had trying to take the first swallow! I would get the rubber tube as far as my tonsils, whereupon my throat would protest so violently that the tube could go no farther. It was ten thousand times more ticklish than a feather. Finally, Dr.



"The tube descended slowly, like a large cork into a small bottle."

Plunkett, beads of perspiration on his forehead and his hands trembling, put some glycerine on the end of the tube. Then he tried to slide it down. He made me hold back my head as though I were going to gargle, and then helped me shove it down. The tube descended slowly, like a large cork into a small bottle. I thought I was choked. Tears flowed from my eyes as my throat arched and flexed in dismay. The tube kept descending and inch by inch I grew sicker and sicker.

Dr. Plimhimmon watched the operation with undisguised curiosity. He assisted in holding me up as the tube went down. Suddenly Dr. Plunkett shouted: "*Stop!*" Ah, we had reached the little white ring around the tube which indicated that eighteen inches of its horrible, snaky self had been gulped down. The tube-ramming operation was over. I did not feel the tip of the tube reach the "pit" of the stomach, but Dr. Plunkett said it had gone down eighteen inches, "and that is enough."

Then the real work began. Holding the funnel above my head, Dr. Plunkett poured a cup of lukewarm water down my throat, or rather down the tube down my throat. I heard a rumbling sound like a Victrola getting into action

for a turkey trot. Then there were more gurgling sounds, like a jug being filled up. Suddenly the water rose to the surface of the funnel, filled the rubber cup and splashed all over the floor. The stomach evidently did not take kindly to the treatment. It seemed to wriggle like a dog refusing a bath. I wriggled, too, keeping Plunkett and Plimhimmon as busy as boys holding snakes.

Dr. Plunkett noted that a pint or more of water had made its descent and then he tried to "siphon" it into a basin, dropping the funnel below "sea-level." But no water came out!

"That *is* strange!" he murmured.

"Very strange!" echoed Plimhimmon.

"Well, we shall have to pour more water down!" said Plunkett.

"Yes, more water!" chirped Plimhimmon.

By Jove, they did pour more water down, Dr. Plunkett holding the rubber funnel above my head! There was the rumbling sound of rushing waters. Then Dr. Plunkett dashed the funnel into the basin. But there was "nothing doin'." The water must have remained in the stomach. Or had it evaporated?

"That is very strange," said Plunkett, mopping his steaming face.

"Very strange, indeed," mused Plimhimmon, stepping around as brisk as a sparrow.

"Too *damn* strange," I thought and tried to mutter, but I could not articulate a word with that garden hose clogging my throat. So I made a sign for a pencil, waving my fingers as though I were writing. Dr. Plunkett gave me his prescription pad and a pencil. Resting the pad on the medico's broad hand, I wrote: "This is not strange, but strangling. When am I to be free?"

Dr. Plunkett read my message and said he would try only once more. He poured down more water; gave it a few seconds to reach the "pit" of the stomach, and then attempted the siphon process. But nothing came out. I felt I should burst if they poured any more water down.

"Ah, it's dilatation—more than I expected," murmured Plunkett, explaining his way out of the difficulty. "A good deal of dil-a-ta-tion."

"Yes, a good deal of dil-a-ta-tion," repeated Plimhimmon like a parrot.

Then Plunkett gave the hoisting signal and I pulled up the rubber snake, all nature yearning to help me disgorge.

"You had a good deal of mucus in your

stomach, young man," said Plunkett with a smile. "That's why those medicines of mine failed to act."

"I now have a good deal of water in there," I replied angrily. "Do you hear it splash?" I shook myself to let the medicos hear it, but no one listened. Dr. Plunkett was busy washing the rubber tube and Plimhimmon was examining the instrument of torture with complacency and interest. "About how much do they cost, Doctor?" he asked. "Oh, a dollar and a half," replied Plunkett, breezily. "H-m-m-m," said Plimhimmon, "I think I shall get one."

I was sure Plimhimmon had never seen a stomach tube before, and I hoped that I would never see one again. Dr. Plunkett plainly showed his surprise that the expensive laboratory of Plimhimmon was not already supplied with a stomach tube, especially as he had pronounced Plimhimmon as being "bright on the work."

Dr. Plunkett drove me home and wished me a good night's rest. He said that improvement would be noticed from that day on provided that I continued his tonics. I felt worse from day to day. I worried not a little over the discovery the stomach tube had made—that I had

dil-a-ta-tion of the stomach walls, as proved by the water refusing to siphon out.

I should have been saved this anxiety had I known that the fault was not with the stomach, but with the manipulations of the men of science, who were so impressed with that little white ring on the tube that they failed to realize that in *my* case eighteen inches was insufficient to reach the "pit." Had I swallowed the tube an inch or more, the tube would have touched the water level and the siphon action would have ensued.

Seeing that I made no improvement by the tonic method, or the stomach-washing performance, Dr. Plunkett counseled me to try some light work, such as keeping chickens. He said that New York brokers had been restored to health by the chicken occupation. I moved to a still smaller village to try the light work. I purchased many chickens for my little ranch, but, alas, I cannot say that I "kept chickens!" They were a wild lot of hens that refused to be cooped up. They flew away or were devoured by opossums.

And then I read of Pe-ru-na. It was a wonder-working medicine. I was well impressed with the fine picture on the cover of the booklet

describing this great tonic, which seemed suitable for almost any ill. I bought a bottle and sampled it right away. The first dose reminded me of the hypodermic brand of happiness; the second showed me a way to make a million dollars; and the third—it made me ready to buy a railroad!

The Pe-ru-na charm soon wore off and some of my friends warned me that I had been experimenting with “booze” of the rankest sort.

Robbed of Pe-ru-na’s uplifting influence, I experienced a decided reaction. I grew very weak and irritable. My eyes began to pain me, and my head felt as though a band of steel were tightened around it. Dr. Snodgrass, the village medico, was summoned. He assured me that I was swallowing a good deal of air, adding to my stomach misery. He said that I had some kind of throat trouble and that he would like me to take a whiff of chloroform “to ease up them throat muscles.” Thoroughly alarmed, I swore he would never chloroform me. Then he suggested a hypodermic, saying: “I believe it is the duty of a doctor to relieve pain and then build the patient up.” On my declining this treatment, he wrote out a prescription. “Bud,” he said in a fatherly tone, “this is for a cerebro-

spinal tonic and will do you powerful good
. . . . in time."

He called on me from day to day. His tonics were no more health-giving than those of Plunkett. Finally, I asked Snodgrass: "What do the people do down here when they become desperately ill?"

"Oh, they just die," he replied, smiling as cheerfully as though he were the village undertaker as well as its doctor and druggist.

That settled it. I should get out of that country and get out in a hurry! I was getting malaria. My tongue looked like a door mat. Snodgrass admitted that the village was in the malarial zone.

And so it came to pass that toward the end of July I was traveling to Denver, seeking a new doctor, a new clime and a new cure.

CHAPTER II

Mile up in the Air—Milk Diet—California Wine—Meat and Water—Duodenitis Tablets.

DR. KIRKENDALL called on me at the hospital in Denver. He looked like Bismarck and was quite as gruff.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked in zinc-like tones. I told him that I had atonic dyspepsia, dilatation of all, or most, of the walls of the stomach, malaria, throat trouble, and a cerebrospinal disorder for which I had been given a tonic.

"Where did you learn all these things?" he snapped.

"From the doctors in Alabama," I replied. In a commanding voice he ordered me to take off my shirt so that he could examine my chest and stomach. He made me count "one, two, three," instead of "ninety-nine" as at the infirmary, and then he pressed on my liver and stomach, saying every few moments: "Does that hurt you?" Then he asked: "How long is it since your nose bled?" The examination

over, Dr. Kirkendall turned to the nurse, saying, "Give this man but eight ounces of milk every two hours." He departed.

The nurse was not particularly good to look at. She was a tall creature with a hatchet face. She was as different from the little black-eyed damsel who had "packed" me, as night is from day. I found out afterwards that she had been unhappily married. I could easily understand a man's difficulty in getting along with her. I begged for food, with tears in my eyes. The Denver air gave me a monstrous appetite, but to no avail. Nothing but a glass of milk every two hours. I saw Kirkendall, and told him my troubles. He was most unsympathetic. "What do you suppose we have nurses for?" he sneered. "You have bossed every physician you have had, but this time you will not have your own way, young man." I told him that I had obeyed physicians implicitly except when they wished to chloroform me!

I found that vinegar catches no flies, so I became cheerful. Every time Kirkendall came near my bed, I exclaimed: "This cow diet is GREAT, Doctor—simply great." Kirkendall began to grin and said something about a "light diet in a few days."

The life at the hospital was rather trying and I found out that there is no truth in the proverb, "Misery loves company." Still, there were bright moments, and I had to laugh every time I heard one irritable patient tell Kirkendall, when he asked him how he was: "I feel just like a piece of raw beef, Doctor!"

After ten days I was allowed to sit up and eat crackers with my milk. In a few more days I was out. "Take these powders," said Kirkendall, "and live on milk and crackers for the next five or six months." He refused to accept any payment for his services. I was convinced I had met a very honest physician, and I hoped, a scientific one.

I followed Dr. Kirkendall's advice and began the milk cure on a dairy farm in Utah. I stuck to it for several months, gaining in weight, but not in strength. I did not take much exercise as I found I felt better lying down most of the time. I drank a gallon and a half to two gallons of milk a day. Soon I noticed that my old enemy, fermentation, began to renew his attacks. I felt great distress, despite the powders Kirkendall had prescribed. At times my stomach seemed blown up; at others, there was a shooting pain, which made an excursion over to

the cardiac region. I was in a bad way. Then a minister came to my rescue.

He said that he had been cured of both dyspepsia and St. Vitus' dance by drinking California claret. He pointed out to me that Pawlow, a great Russian scientist, had made experiments on dogs, which proved conclusively that the *acid* of wine aids digestion. I ordered a cask of the claret at once.

I discarded the milk and took the wine. I dipped crackers into it like the Three Musketeers we read of in Dumas. I began to feel happy again. I was making millions and buying railroads. The claret was almost as cheery as Peruna—and cost less! After a few days, unmistakable symptoms indicated to me that I had not yet found the real cure for my misery. So I consulted the nearest physician, Dr. George Wetherly Bump. He was well named for he looked like a bump on a log. He was a little toad of a man, with bulging, inquiring eyes. He gazed at my tongue, took my pulse and said "Gee Whittaker!" He asked me how old I was, and then said in sepulchral tones:

"Young man, you are beginning early!"

"Beginning what?" I asked in surprise.

"Why, booze fighting!"

Bump had smelled the claret. I suppose I did exhale aromas of a California vineyard. "Yes, sir," continued Bump, "you are just reeking with wine. You must cut it out!" I tried to explain. "No minister ever told you that," he snorted, and waved his hand. "You can't fool us physicians, my boy, you can't fool us." I left him.

I walked around the city and spying a bookstore I entered it. I was perplexed, disappointed and irritated. In this condition I thought it best to read. I picked up a book which gave me a thrill. It was entitled, "Key to Health." I bought it at once and took it back to the dairy farm. I stayed up all night reading it.

I found an article on fermentation which greatly interested me. An Ohio physician, named Salisbury, was quoted as saying that STARCH is poison. Bread, said Salisbury, is a very dangerous thing to eat. Instead of being the staff of life, it is the staff of death.

Here was a solution of my troubles! I had been eating crackers; they contained much starch. Dr. Salisbury restricted his patients to raw meat and water. Nothing more. The value of meat as a diet was harped upon. The

writer of the article stated that the vegetarians or non-meat eaters did not have a leg to stand on; that certain vegetarian nations like the Turks were ferocious, immoral and unspeakable.

I decided to give this theory a try-out. I quit the milk as well as the fermenting starch granules in a wink. I took to meat and water.

The fermentation symptoms promptly ceased. I blessed the name of Salisbury. Of course, meat lacked bulk, but I made up for the deficiency by swallowing a lake of water.

I improved at first, but after ten days of this meat and water diet I noticed extreme weakness. I could hardly climb a flight of stairs. I began to have my doubts about meat being the staff of life. Thoroughly alarmed, I determined to consult some good physician to find out what to eat and what to drink.

I took great precautions in the selection of the new medical adviser. It was too serious a matter to be decided hastily. I consulted several lawyers, telling them I was a stranger in their city and a very sick man; that I had an interesting stomach, and it needed scientific treatment of the most up-to-date kind.

One of the most prominent lawyers recom-

mended me to consult Dr. Keating. "The best people go to him," said this legal light.

I found Dr. Keating's house quite a handsome establishment. Evidently Keating had done well among "the best people." I wondered if this man would charge *me* big fees.

I found Keating in a beautifully furnished office. He was a man of middle age with a long black beard and great broad hands, which looked like boxing gloves when he closed his fists. He greeted me cordially and his eyes flashed with interest and pleasure when I told him that prominent *lawyers* had recommended me to consult him. He asked me my symptoms, and I rushed through them like a school boy saying his lesson when he knows it well. I told Keating that I had been treated by a number of physicians, not only with consideration but with all manner of pills, powders, ropy tonics and salt baths.

"Baths!" exclaimed Keating. "I should shun them if they are cold. I knew a woman whose nervous system was ruined taking cold baths." He then asked me to remove my coat and shirt so that he could examine my stomach. He did not use the stethoscope, but just gazed at my waist line with that eagle eye of his.

Then he turned around in his swivel-chair to a drawer, from which he drew a silver hammer, large enough to drive tacks. With this instrument he tapped on my stomach and around my heart. Finally he said: "There is a good deal of fermentation." He paused, tapped again and added, "and lots of distension." He questioned me about my diet as he lay down his silver hammer. "You feel pretty well right after eating, but several hours after a meal there is marked fermentation, is there not?"

I assented.

"No matter what you eat?"

"No matter what I eat."

"Well," he replied, taking up his hammer and striking his desk with the air of Uncle Joe calling the house to order, "that is *not* dyspepsia. You have been the victim of a terrible mistake."

"What is it, then?" I asked eagerly.

"That is duodenitis."

I had never heard of that disease before. I felt worried. The name sounded pretty bad.

"Du-o what?" I stammered.

"Du-o-de-ni-tis," he replied, accenting each syllable.

"Is it curable?" I cried in alarm.

"Quite curable, given time and proper treatment," he replied reassuringly.

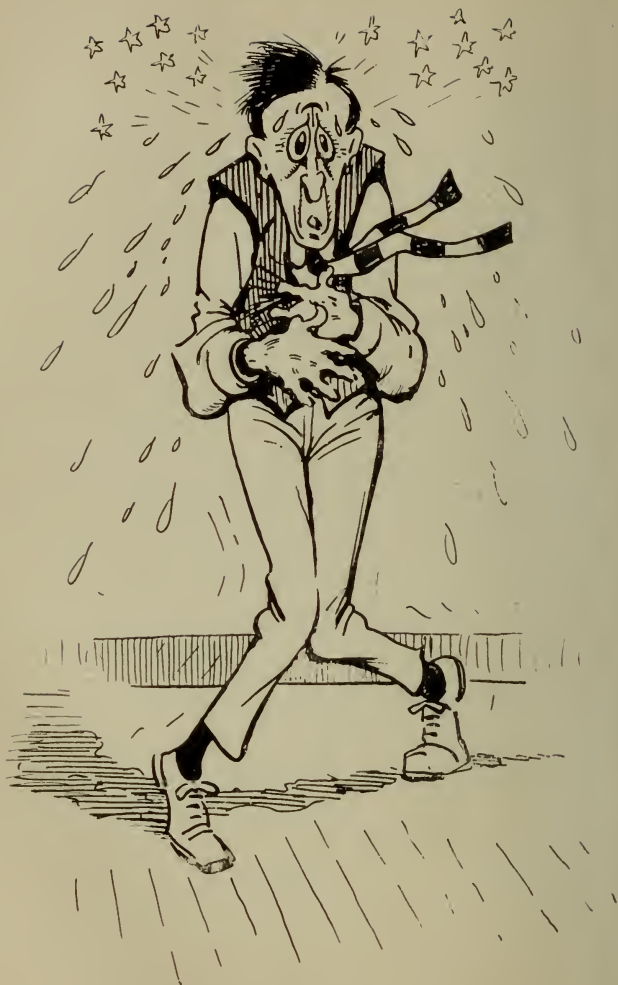
"Have you ever seen a case just like mine before?" I inquired.

"I have CURED a hundred like you," Keating said, with a bold wave of the hand, which was convincing. I felt joyous. Here was a man who could cure me! He was indeed the scientific man I had sought.

In discussing diet Keating said: "You need more nitrogenous food."

I told him I had been living on milk and crackers. "No strength in that," he snapped. Then I said I had eaten nothing but meat for ten days and I thought that was a nitrogenous diet. "What you need is a combination of foods," he explained. "In other words, a good square meal." I told him that good square meals meant doctor visits in my run-down condition. "Not with the medicine I am going to give you," he replied.

He dashed off a prescription, saying: "This is for some cachexia tablets. They will allay the irritation in the duodenum, the sac below the stomach into which the foods pass. It is there all the misery arises in your case. That's why you have distress several hours after meals, no



"In about ten minutes I thought fireworks with revolving wheels had been set off in the epigastrium."

matter what you eat. But we are going to fix that. In a few months, young man, you will be entirely CURED."

I shouted for joy. I could have hugged that man. With his prescription in hand, and hardly waiting to thank the great scientist, who had at last diagnosed my case correctly, I dashed out into the street. My ears rang with the words, "ENTIRELY CURED."

When I had the tablets in my coat pocket, I rushed around to the post-office to write cards to all of my ex-physicians, telling them of my discovery that I had been the victim of their "terrible mistakes."

I returned to the dairy farm and lost no time in eating a square meal of mutton chops, baked potatoes, bread and butter, topped off with a cup of tea. I took the cachexia tablet after this meal, the first "regular" meal I had eaten in months. In about ten minutes I thought fireworks with revolving wheels had been set off in the epigastrium. I felt a strangling sensation and I gasped for air and swallowed many cubic yards of the atmosphere in my distress. There was fearful distension of the stomach. I wondered why it did not burst. Evidently Keating's cachexia tablets had fallen asleep at

the duodenal switch! I suffered all the horrors of acute indigestion for two hours and I wished I could have had Keating at my side to tell him to his beard what I thought of his theories about "square meals." Exhausted by pain and worry I finally fell asleep. The next day as I entered Keating's office he exclaimed: "Ah, you look a great deal better."

"I feel worse," I murmured as I fell into a seat. Then I described the volcanic eruption caused by a square meal. Keating tried to hurry me through the recital of my symptoms and pains, but I insisted that he hear all the details of this gastric quake he had set up by his directions. I finally appealed to him to know what to eat. Keating seemed peevish. "How should I know?" he said with caution. "You might try a baked apple."

Again he pulled out his silver hammer, tapped on my stomach, and added: "Perhaps you have some liver trouble." He grabbed his fountain pen and wrote out a prescription to whip up the liver. The medicine proved to be some kind of crystals to be dissolved in water and taken between meals. I might add that I no longer frolicked with chops and potatoes, but had returned to milk and crackers. Whenever

I called on Keating he always greeted me: "Well, you are looking a great deal better." I was becoming weaker, so was my faith in Keating.

In my distress I called on one of the editors of the leading morning paper to ask about doctors. I gave up consulting lawyers. Editors know everything about the people of their own cities. The m. e. was out, but the city editor was busy making out his assignment book. When I told him I was a newspaperman, ill with a mysterious and chronic brand of nervous dyspepsia, he gave me all his attention. I told him I was in search of a good doctor. Had they such an article in his city? I mentioned my experience with Keating, and how he had formed snap judgment of my case to the taps of a silver hammer.

"That's pretty good—a silver hammer!" howled the editor with delight. "Perhaps you have not been told that a few years ago Dr. Keating was a blacksmith?"

Then he shrieked with laughter, exclaiming, "He uses a SILVER hammer now; that's pretty good. Ha! Ha!"

I recalled Keating's enormous hands and I pictured to myself the muscles developing as he

pounded at the forge. The journalist explained that a western heiress had fallen in love with Keating, admiring his great strength, had married him, educated him and removed him from the anvil chorus.

Then I asked the editor if he thought any doctor was any good. He answered: "Well, the human body is very complex and all doctors have a great deal to learn. We must not expect too much of them. Most doctors admit that they merely PRACTICE."

CHAPTER III

Autointoxication Antidotes—Electric Massage—Russian Baths—Kaiser Wilhelm and King Edward Electric Light Baths—Circulatory Baths—Alternating Cold-Hot Baths—Hydrochloric Acid—Fruit—Starvation—Fletcherizing—Vulcanized Rubber Hands—Charcoal, and Neptune's Girdle.

TO quote De Quincey, I was in an "almighty fix." I should certainly die if I did not soon take a turn for the better. As I walked down the street, dejected over my probable fate, I passed a store in which were displayed various cartons of cereals labeled in huge letters: "PREDIGESTED." That was what I wanted, food that required no aid from the stomach. Then a sign caught my eye: "Mock CHICKEN." My curiosity was aroused. As I lingered near the store window, a policeman came out of the building. He was munching plums. Under his arm he carried a package of "predigested" cereals. I could not resist the desire to speak to him about the health foods.

He was warm in his praise of them, declaring that they, with the aid of fresh subacid fruits, had cured him of Bright's disease when Swamp Root, a much-advertised medicine, had failed. He attributed his cure to Dr. Brickner, "of the Battle Creek idea." "He put me on a diet that did the business," he said enthusiastically. I was decidedly encouraged to hear that a doctor had actually cured somebody.

"You must see Dr. Brickner, and see him right away," said the policeman, as he scribbled the doctor's address on a card. "You seem to be very sick."

I hunted up Brickner and found a young man with a Van Dyke beard and powerful, well-shaped hands. He took my history, examined me all over, and said cheerfully: "You have ninety-nine chances out of a hundred of getting entirely well. You have no ORGANIC trouble."

His words were like clarion notes of cheer and encouragement. Brickner immediately won my confidence when he declared he did not believe in medicines, and added that tonics are mortgages that have to be paid back. "They whip up the liver and stomach, leaving the patient weak from reaction," he added.

"What is the matter with me?" I asked, curiously.

"Your system is filled with poisons from improper food, tea, coffee, tobacco and all alcoholic medicines. These things are responsible for your nervousness and general distress. Your stomach has been doing poor work and we must start to tone it up by strengthening the entire body. You suffer from autointoxication!"

"But I never ride in autos," I protested, amazed. Dr. Brickner laughed at my ignorance of medical terms. "I mean you have intoxicated yourself with poisons taken in your food and drink," he said. Then he made me promise to shun tobacco, alcohol, even light California wines, tea, coffee, spices, pickles, condiments of all kinds and meat as well as fish. "Meat," he declared, "is filled with uric acid and is unfit for the HUMAN stomach." Tigers and hyenas, he admitted, can eat it with impunity.

He described the various cures he could give me for autointoxication. Summed up, they seemed to be embraced under one of these three headings: Boiling, Baking or Beating.

First, he began BOILING. He stretched me

out on a bed and then wrapped me up in blankets he had wrung out of boiling water. Then he planked huge rubber bags, filled with steaming hot water, under me, over me, at my sides, and between my feet. I was soon sweating like a stevedore. But Brickner had no pity. He made me sip hot water by the pint, saying: "This is the sweat bath. It will drive those poisons out through the pores and make your skin more active." I began to feel active. I fussed, I fumed and I wriggled until Brickner exclaimed in warning: "Stop, or you will kick off some of those bags." That was just what I was trying to do, especially the round one which was burning a hole in one of my toes.

The next day Brickner tried BAKING. He shoved my outstretched body into a catacomb studded with electric bulbs which gave out a heat like a Cuban sun. Brickner said these electric light baths had been devised by a doctor at Battle Creek for King Edward and Kaiser Wilhelm to counteract any gout they might get from eating court dinners. (Brickner was always harping on the sin of hearty eating.) The light baths proved less irksome than the steaming blankets and bags, and I experienced a reposeful lassitude which lasted while my body

"I was soon sweating like a stevedore."



was in the spot light. Brickner then used Russian baths to drive the poisons out of my pores. I was placed in a tight-fitting box. An alcohol lamp, with a cup of water on it, was put under my chair, in which were little holes to admit the steam to my body. When the lamp began to get into action I thought I should faint from heat and exhaustion.

As I did not show marked improvement, but, on the contrary, continued weakness as a result of these severe eliminative treatments, Brickner made me sample the circulatory baths. I plunged one foot into a bath tub filled with electrically charged water, while the other foot was held up in a crane-like attitude. The water was icy and made my foot very red. Then I put in the other foot. The bath was exciting, to say the least. It required good equilibrium powers. The doctor said this kind of a bath improved the circulation of the blood and that my health would improve, for good blood makes good nerves. My digestion seemed to lag, however, so Dr. Brickner gave me some alternating hot and cold baths, which were more stimulating than electricity water. The extremities were plunged into very hot and then into very cold water and then back to the hot. I was re-

minded of the treatments described by Dante and illustrated by Doré in a certain work entitled, "HELL." My fingers and toes became so chapped by the violent and sudden climatic changes and the general humidity, that Brickner had to call a halt in his campaign of bathing. So he began BEATING.

"Which would you prefer, electric massage or Swedish massage by hand?" he asked me. I was familiar with electric massage in barber shops, and as it was pleasant, I quickly made my choice. Brickner brought out his electric vibrator, which looked like a bomb with a handle on it. When he touched off this bomb, I heard noises like a June bumblebee chorus. To the sounds of "buzz-burr-bizz" were added the rattle of the vulcanized rubber hand, which went up and down, muttering, "jigger, jigger, jigger!" When this hand reached my skin I said "*jigger*" too, and lots of other things. I thought I had been introduced to a spanking machine. My muscles rose in ocean-like waves, a touch on the spare ribs felt like a blow from a baseball bat, and when the doctor massaged my chest with his marvelous machine, there were resonant sounds like a bass drum put into action by a husky Salvation Army lieu-

tenant. The buzzing and shocking cure made me more nervous, and I prayed for the hand massage, with or without Swedish movements.

Brickner sprinkled me all over with talcum powder and went to work. Soon I realized that his fingers could "beat the machine." He began, however, as gently as a pianist tickling the ivories in one of Chopin's aerated waltzes. Then he warmed up to his theme and struck out in pugilistic form. He pounded me as though mashing potatoes; he slapped me and he struck me, he punched me and he rubbed me. And still he didn't let up. He played, "Paddy Cake, Paddy Cake, Baker's man" on my stomach, chest and liver and up and down the spinal column; then he pinched and he squeezed, he twisted and he turned, he pushed and he pulled my arms, hands, legs, feet, neck and torso until I felt he had mistaken me for a contortionist.

I was quite exhausted from the ordeal. After ten more minutes of these "Swedish" movements, Brickner himself began to pant like a hunted rabbit.

"Gradually we'll get these poisons eliminated from your system, young man," he gasped, "but you will have to stay with the treatment a long time."

The beating, boiling and baking symposium of cures produced only temporary relief. While Brickner was pounding me into jelly or steaming me into mush, my nerves took a vacation. But the instant I put on my clothes and began to walk around, they resumed business.

"We shall try other measures," said Brickner, not the least discouraged. First of all he gave me what he called a "test-meal." I was told to eat two ounces of bread, then drink eight ounces of water; wait an hour and then let him surprise my stomach at work. The surprise party was engineered by the stomach tube—that hateful red snake I had grappled with in Alabama—and the meal removed, was sent to a chemist to be analyzed. "In this way we get exact knowledge as to just how much acid there is in the stomach—whether one has hyperpepsia, or too much hydrochloric acid; or hypopepsia, which is deficiency of hydrochloric acid." Thus spoke Brickner. So we arranged for the test-meal. In trying to make me swallow the tube, Brickner was as awkward as an alligator, and said something about wishing his wife were present to help. I suffered the old-time tortures. When we got the tube down no meal would come up. Then Brickner said: "We will

pour down a quart of water so as to assist matters." In this way the meal was raised, and he took a pint of the fluid to send to Dr. Zabinski in California for analysis.

When the report came, Dr. Zabinski had diagnosed my case as APEPSIA. Brickner hastened to explain that meant a total absence of hydrochloric acid, due to the atonic condition of my stomach walls. I was greatly alarmed, but Brickner said that for a few weeks I could take hydrochloric acid purchased at a drug store, and in the meantime the stomach could be trained to manufacture its own.

I was allowed to eat twice-toasted or dry bread and whipped whites of egg. No improvement being noticed, even with the addition of hydrochloric acid swallowed through a glass tube, Brickner said I should try the fruit cure. This consisted in eating nothing but raw fruit of many varieties. Brickner declared that experiments had proved that fruit, when taken by itself, is harmless; that combined with certain foods it starts up all kinds of stomach misery. Hence it has been called "lead at night." But the fruit cure brought no relief. I continued to have dyspepsia and nervous twitchings.

Then Brickner decided to resort to heroic measures. The new cure was one to appeal to thrifty people, for it consisted of air and water as a diet—otherwise called starvation. I came to the city to be near a hydrant. “The efficacy of this cure,” explained Brickner, “consists in eliminating all broken-down tissues, thus purifying the entire digestive tract.” He said I should take a drink of water every time I felt hungry. I must say the cure had some advantages. One did not have to spend huge sums in restaurants tipping waiters. There was no necessity of straining the eyes and tongue with French names of complicated dishes on the menu. But in giving up dining one gives up a very fixed habit, and I found it a hard one to break. It was Lent raised to the *nth* power.

I managed with great difficulty to refrain from food for two days. On the third day I heard such grumbling and clamoring in the gastric region that I begged for food. “Why must you eat?” asked Brickner. “One of my patients, Mr. Johnson, has stood the fast six days.”

“My stomach is just howling for food,” I replied. “Nonsense, man,” said Brickner, “your stomach never asks for food; it is the tissues.”

"I thought all of the tissues were broken down and eliminated by this time," I replied, as Brickner winced.

Brickner finally allowed me some kind of hardtack or dog biscuit, as dry as a bone and tasting like shavings. It shot down my throat like a boat over Niagara Falls.

I have since read that after the third day of the hunger hike, the craving for food ceases, especially if one will buckle a wide belt tightly over the gastric region to "muzzle" the bark and quiet the muscular agitation.

The curing of my autointoxication seemed to be a slow process. Brickner declared again and again that I should have to reform my entire style of eating. He made me read Horace Fletcher's books on diet and buccal digestion. Brickner also provided me with a copy of a song sung, he said, at a noted sanitarium where dyspeptics are cured. The opening chorus ran:

"Chew, chew, chew,

For that's the thing to do!"

It was not a particularly pleasing tune, and I much preferred the song of one of my friends after a mince-meat pie frolic: "Friendly may we part and quickly meet again!"

To necessitate a thorough mastication of

every morsel of food, Brickner made me abstain from all liquids at meal time. He said that a very dry diet, composed of cereals which had stood 520 degrees Fahrenheit, insured activity of the salivary glands. I soon discovered that he was correct—one had to chew or choke.

I was not allowed any meat, but was given hard-boiled yolks of eggs and almond meal. I made the meal myself by grinding up almonds in some kind of a sausage machine.

I Fletcherized to a finish, and in a couple of weeks I could eat the driest biscuit without much difficulty. It took time, however, to get the food down. My nervousness continued, and one day Brickner explained that he had discovered my stomach was "prolapsed" two inches. It was the lower border that had taken a fall. Perhaps I had swallowed too much saliva.

Brickner said he made the discovery of the prolapse by listening to water splashing in my stomach by aid of the stethoscope. The stomach would have to get back into its right size before a permanent cure could be expected. For this trouble along the border I was made to wear two vulcanized rubber hands, shaped like oyster shells, and attached to a leather-covered

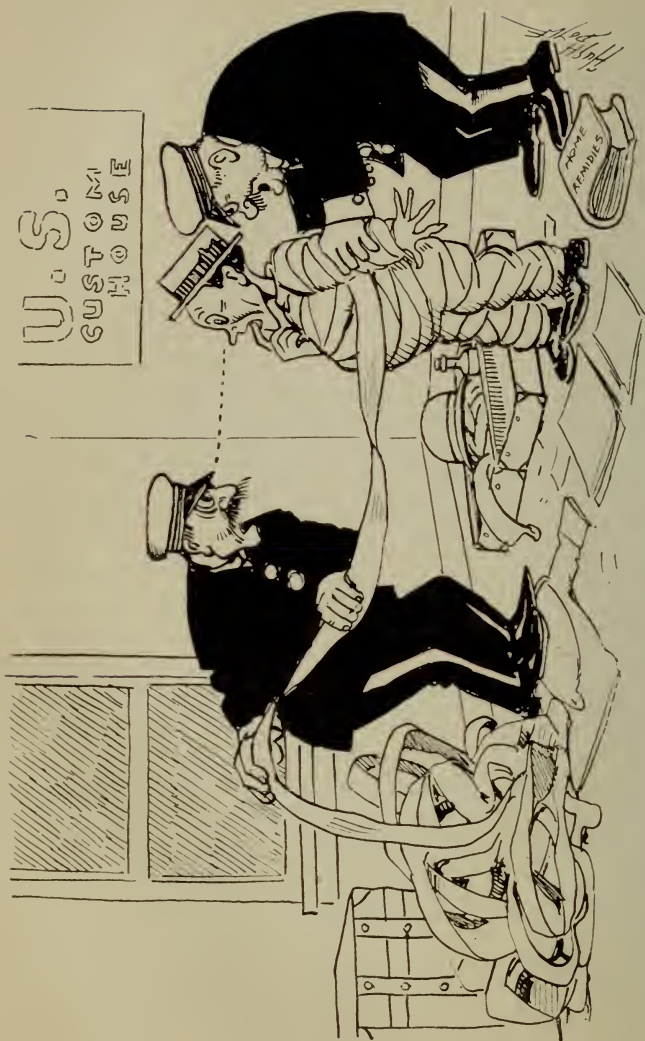
steel belt worn around the waist. The mechanical uplift process was decidedly uncomfortable, especially when I sat down, for then the hands seemed to creep upward, scraping the flesh. I bore the ordeal for several months, until one day, in climbing stairs one of the hands broke. The great relief encouraged me to desist from further attempts to raise the border. Moreover, Brickner assured me that the stomach had come up one inch.

Though I never experienced nausea, there were marked symptoms of fermentation, and Brickner tried wheat charcoal in an effort to control it. Besides putting a black border on my tongue, it did not seem to have any other effect. Brickner encouraged me to continue cure-chasing, saying that he knew of some 200 kinds of baths to build up the general health. I was skeptical about their efficacy. Surely I had a misery and a mysterious one at that. I sought information at first hand. I begged Brickner to lend me a large medical book he had on "The Stomach," which I read with the hope of finding some hint at a cure. I discovered that I had tried everything mentioned except surgery and—Neptune's Girdle. The girdle was a favorite with Priessnitz, the great water doctor

of Austria, where it was called "Umschlag." I decided to try it.

The girdle, named after Neptune, was elaborate. It consisted of about nine feet of linen, a foot and a half wide, and about six feet of flannel, a little wider. The flannel was wound over the linen after the linen had been soaked in cold water and wound over the epigastrium. Just what Neptune had to do with this girdle I do not know, though I read up carefully on the planet in the encyclopedia.

I bought the linen and the flannel, having great trouble in answering embarrassing questions asked by the saleslady. I went home and adjusted the girdle. I looked at myself in a long mirror and discovered that I was immense. My clothes did not fit with all that stuff around me, so I went to a tailor, named Schneider, taking him three pairs of trousers to be let out at the belt. "Vat you going to do, become a beer trinker?" he asked. I told him I was taking "Umschlag" treatment. I did not go back to Dr. Brickner for some time, preferring to save money. While the girdle was thus economical in its treatment, it had disadvantages. People stared at me rather hard, and seemed mystified



"The custom house officials, with those X-ray eyes of theirs, saw that I was worried about something."

to see a man with a thin face and such a body. But the book said that the girdle would cure any kind of stomach trouble (excepting cancer), so I persevered with the treatment. I remained faithfully bandaged for many months, but, alas, the girdle did not cure my stomach trouble.

The way I finally discarded the girdle was rather peculiar. I crossed over to Canada for a little trip. At the custom house, as everywhere else, I was very nervous. The custom house officials, with those X-ray eyes of theirs, saw that I was worried about something. They had been coached as to how European smugglers carry contraband by the bandage process, so they pounced upon me. I protested that I was nervous from dyspepsia and not from a consciousness of guilt, but they insisted on stripping me of my clothing, especially that "bundle of stuff" around my waist. They unwound the flannel and linen. What amazement in the officials' faces and what grimaces they made! It was most mortifying. I was found to have about two dollars' worth of linen and flannel, and nothing more. The experience cured me of all aspirations to wear any more celestial garments like the girdle of Neptune.

Certain it is that during those trying moments when I was being unwound I wished the girdle as remote as the planet.

CHAPTER IV.

Cold Air Blood Thickener—Roosevelt Ranch Life—Life in the Saddle—Eskimo Baths—Ice Bags.

MAKING no improvement, I decided to have a long talk with Dr. Brickner. He declared he could suggest plenty more cures. I was frank with him about my desire to make a radical change in treatment. I had tried food and no food; hot baths, tepid baths, cold baths, foot, hand, abdominal, electric light and plain electric baths. From head to foot I had been bathed. I had also had stomach baths, and had plastered and papered its walls with medicines—yellow, white, red and black—the colors of the Burmah flag design. I had rested the stomach by introducing nothing but water for several days; I had given it whipped whites of eggs when eggs were as dear as Barrios diamonds; I had held it up like a babe in arms with vulcanized rubber hands, greatly to my discomfort; I had put it in swaddling clothes. Yet it remained a kicker, a malcon-

tent, racking my nerves and preventing me from attending to business. I needed some new powerful treatment to put the stomach in tone; if that failed, I might as well get the thing out; be divorced from it for good.

I decided to abandon Brickner in spite of his endless resources and determined to doctor myself. So I told him good-bye, and no doubt he was glad to get rid of me.

He said, when parting, "Stick to a careful diet, young man, and remember that you have been putting too many things into that stomach of yours."

I walked down the street feeling like a man out of a job. That night I read in a magazine an article about the "Value of Cold Air." It was a most interesting article. It stated that most invalids are afraid of cold air, but, provided one is warmly clad one can stand what are termed "cold air lung baths" and derive great benefit from them. Cold air is a tonic, warm air is a depressant. Cold air, entering the lungs, is spread out over two thousand square feet of membrane in the ramifying passages of the air-cells. Under this membrane all of the blood passes every two or three min-

utes to be cleansed by this pure, dense, germless air.

When I read that cold air is a tonic for the stomach I was deeply impressed. I realized that I had not taken deep breaths of pure, cold air in my various treatments. I had lived in the dust and smoke of a city. The air I needed was the air that swept over snow-covered fields. It did not take me long to make up my mind. I went to the ticket office of a well-known railroad and asked the agent which state was the coldest in the Union.

He replied: "I think, Montana."

I told him that I wished to spend a few months in a very cold place free from dust, germs, miasma, noxious vapors, malarial parasites, mosquitoes or flies to carry around sickness and death. I just wanted plain, good, country, blood-purifying and tissue-renovating oxygen. He stared at me, but finally called the head agent and held a consultation. The head agent talked to me in a soothing tone, meanwhile watching me carefully. I went over the same story with him and told him that I had taken numerous cures and that I now wanted something new, daring, adventurous, with a Peary dash to it.

The agent grinned and said: "Well, Montana is not so far from here, and we could sell you a ticket straight to Helena. I do not think Montana would disappoint you, for I have lived up there in a fur coat and I tell you, young man, it is damn cold and that's why I managed to get transferred farther south. If Montana doesn't suit you, go to our ticket office at Helena and buy a ticket for Seattle and then take a boat for Alaska, where the mean temperature is fifty-four degrees below zero. If that is not cold enough for you, get in touch with a Peary relief expedition."

I thanked the agent. As I left, I saw the whole force gazing at me. Of course, they thought I had escaped from a "nut farm." I went to Helena, carrying five hundred pounds of baggage, consisting of blankets, coal oil, gasoline stoves, to ward off the excessive cold while taking the air lung baths.

I reached Helena in fairly good shape and found that the ticket agent had not "flim-flammed" me. They had the real cold article up there. I went to a hotel to get warmed up. I read more about the cold air cure in hygienic magazines, which stated that explorers passed two years in cold climates to thicken their blood

before visiting the tropics, which are so energizing. My blood evidently needed thickening after the liquefying treatments given in those steam baths of Brickner's.

I found a ranch a few miles from Helena owned by an old farmer, who lived there with his wife and family. The farmer was a stock raiser and was willing to aid me restore my health for a consideration.

I spent most of my time in my room; the temperature was below zero and so was my vitality. When the weather became even colder, I had to stay up part of the night putting wood into the stove. I left the window open an inch or two to let in that blood-thickening air so highly beneficial to lungs and stomach. I managed to sleep from 8 p. m. to 8 a. m., which proved the statement of one writer, that cold air in the lungs produces very sound sleep. I spent so much time in my room that I gradually lost what strength I had. My sedentary life, hugging the fire, was to blame for my continued weakness. I still had nervous symptoms of a marked type. I was very careful not to partake of the full fare of rich foods at the rancher's, though I was paying full board. I remembered Dr. Brickner's warning and I ate

dry, toasted bread and one egg a day, boiled twenty minutes. I was fearful to load up my system again with poisons by eating much nitrogenous food. I drank large quantities of water, employing my time by the stove in my room. The rancher and his family were amazed that I could live on bread, water and an occasional egg, but the suffering I had endured in the past cured me of any desire to experiment again with "square meals."

One day I was munching a twice-baked crust of bread which was as dry as a bone and almost as hard, when I felt a cracking in my mouth and heard a peculiar sound. I had broken a tooth. The crust had been too dry and too hard. There was but one thing to do—to go to Helena and see a dentist.

While in the dental chair I had great trouble in sitting still, even before the drilling machine began to buzz. And then—but why describe it? It occurred to me that as I was seeing a dentist I might as well see a doctor, so I went to the first whose sign attracted my attention. His name was Kitchener, and he looked as though the cold air lung baths in Helena had agreed with him. He spoke in a deep bass voice: "Well, what is wrong with you?"

Oh, but didn't I tell him! He looked at me coldly as I recited a synopsis of my cures. When I described the cold air cure his face relaxed; as I mentioned about explorers "getting their blood thickened" his eyes twinkled with amusement. "Do you do everything advised by these ten-cent hygiene magazines?" he asked

"I am willing to do anything," I answered.

"Well," he said, "if the air on that ranch does not put you in condition to digest hard boards and tacks, barbed wire fence or anything else, it disappoints me. However, you might do a little work. I have heard at commencement addresses when I was young, 'Study the Life of Cornaro.' If I gave commencement addresses I should say to the young men, 'Study the life of Roosevelt.' He was delicate and puny; he came west, right out in this region. He roughed it and worked, by golly, he did. Look at the man he became! If it's advice you want, I say: 'Study the life of Roosevelt in the west.' "

I supposed that this eulogy of Roosevelt would cost me the usual consultation fee of two dollars, but Kitchener waved the money aside in the breezy western manner and said, "Keep it. When you go home, get out of that room of

yours and mix with some of the cow-punchers; you'll be all right."

I went home with a new program. I met some of the cow-punchers who took their meals at our house. I had a long talk with the foreman and asked him where he obtained all his "duds" which helped him ride so well and punch cattle. He said most of the boys bought their stuff from Montgomery & Ward, or Sears, Roebuck & Co., in Chicago. I sent for a catalogue and soon made out a formidable list of accoutrements with which to follow the Roosevelt Ranch Life. When the goods came I felt pride in my heart, for I knew the cowboys would have nothing "on me" in the way of leather chaps, boots, spurs, rough shirts, bandana handkerchiefs, or big, eye-shading slouch hats. The leather chaps were the funniest things. They looked like leather overalls and buckled with big clips on either side. They were exceedingly heavy. It was hard to walk in them, yet I felt so cocky over my new outfit that I forgot that my muscles were flabby and weak.

How the cowboys yelled when they saw me! They waltzed around me and roared hilariously

as I tried to strut past them in my new togs. I did not walk with great grace.

"Suffering snakes," yelled one of the punchers, "look at this young 'un, if he don't look like a cow-puncher! He's got even the bells on his spurs, wh-oo!"

Another shouted, "Hey there, Bill, these here chaps ain't made fer to walk in but to ride in. No wonder, kid, you find 'em powerful heavy!"

Having made my debut to Montana cow-punching society in regulation regalia, I broached the subject of Dr. Kitchener's discourse to the foreman; I told him I wanted a job on the ranch, cow-punching, or something like that.

"You?" he gasped, "you punch cows! Gee, whittaker, kid, you couldn't come within a mile of a cow, even with them 'duds' on." He roared with laughter. This, of course, somewhat hurt my feelings, but I was not discouraged. Taking the foreman aside I gave him several "chaws" of tobacco and I led him to my room. I produced the rubber stomach tube, which I had tucked away in a towel. I asked him if he would do me the favor to swallow it eighteen inches.

"What, that thing?" he said in surprise, "I guess not, I'd choke."

I told him I could. He was incredulous, but I proceeded to do it, suppressing much of the quivering that I had shown on previous occasions. The foreman made no effort to conceal his amazement and swore I had nerve enough to do anything on the ranch. But, he assured me, it would take time to "become a Roosevelt." He asked if I had ever milked cows. I told him I had read in a paper that Roosevelt had never done that. He insisted that was the way he would begin with me. I had milked cows when I was a youngster and admitted I knew something about it. He asked me to show up at the barn at five o'clock each evening, wearing my new "duds" if I wished, but leaving off those bell spurs.

"You might get too much exercise, kid, wearin' them 'ere spurs. Later on we'll take yer on a round-up and see how yer act aroun' a cow," he condescended to inform me.

I was happy. I was going to work! There were several men at the barn to do the milking in a covered corral not far away. The snow on the way to the corral was pretty deep, and it was a great effort to get through with all those

heavy clothes on. The exercise was good, and the excitement of the new cure made me forget my stomach miseries for a time.

I was making quite a success of this milking business. Night after night I performed my task, no matter how cold my hands were. It was certainly not an agreeable occupation—milking cows, with a blizzard raging outside. But I had to stick to it, for otherwise the foreman would not graduate me into cow-punching.

One evening something happened. It was while I was milking a wretched-looking cow that seemed even more nervous than the average Montana cows, which incessantly wave their tails, provided they have not been frozen off. Suddenly the cow kicked backwards and I was hurled, boots, chaps, big hat and all, against the corral posts, the bucket of milk all over me.

I had been given a new kind of bath—the milk bath, praised by Miss Anna Held as a complexion beautifier. But the massage that had come with it was most distressing to certain parts of my anatomy.

The shock of being kicked was hard on a person as nervous as I. No bones were broken, but I felt upset and nursed my bruises by stay-

ing in bed. The foreman and some of the other men called on me in my room; it was tantalizing to see the efforts they made to keep from laughing at my mishap.

Said the foreman, in a cheery tone: "Bill, you wasn't bad at milking, but some of these critters is all powerful with their feet, and they gits even some of us wat is used to 'em." Finally he said that when I was able to get round again he would fix me up for a new cure himself, one that would "skin" all other cures I had taken "a mile."

I discovered that the new treatment was "life in the saddle." The cure began on a little roan horse. I had had some experience with horses when I was a boy. Still, the effort to mount with all my "duds" on was some effort for a person who had suffered from lack of exercise. I rode the pony around the barn at a walk. Whenever the horse trotted I had a hard time. I did not feel strong enough to hold tight with my knees, as I was ordered to do. However, I held on to the pommel of the saddle, clutching it with a tight grip. I rode perhaps too much the first day, for I did not feel able to walk for several days afterward. I took up the cure again, however, not wishing to disappoint

the foreman, who declared that this treatment would make me a Roosevelt.

There was one serious objection to the roan; he shied. He had, moreover, a bad habit of rushing up against a wire fence and damaging my chaps, and sometimes my skin. When I told the foreman about it, he said that some Indian boys had taught that trick to the animal and that he would have to give me another horse to ride. My second mount was a big sorrel, as gentle as a kitten. He never shied at anything, but at times he stumbled; and the pommel gave blows to my stomach that I did not forget for days. This horse was a monster in size, and I needed a step-ladder to get on. Twice I felt the twinges of appendicitis when mounting.

I thought it better to buy a horse and give it what education was needed. As luck would have it, a horse-dealer passed by our ranch with a string of unbroken ponies.

One of the cowboys said to me, "Get yer an unbroken cayoose and I'll bust her fer yer for five dollars; then you'll have a nag what'll suit."

The horse-dealer was a smooth talker and very courteous. He pointed out several ponies

to me, saying they were all "three-year-olds. Just the age to 'bust.'" I consulted with my cowboy friend and finally picked out a gray mare which ran like a deer. We called her Nancy. She had a gentle head, and her feet were as cute as could be. She was a bargain for fifty dollars, though some of the cowboys said I paid too much for her. The next day the busting process began. I did not see it, but I heard about it. She tore the glove off the cowboy when he tried to put a halter on her, so I furnished him with a new pair of two-dollar gloves after he had ridden the mare for a week. I was greatly shocked to see the way her mouth was cut, but after a week or two the buster thought she was gentle enough for me to ride. When I saw him saddle her up and noticed the contortions she went through, I was of a different opinion. Nearly everyone who saw Nancy complimented me, however, on getting an animal with such a gentle head and fine little feet. Gentle as my animal was, she tried to lie down when they put the saddle on her. Finally, I mustered enough courage to ride her. A cowboy accompanied me, and we rode several hundred yards. The animal seemed dazed and leaned against the well-broken horse ridden by

the cow-puncher. Nancy would not respond to the reins, and the puncher had to pull her head the way we wished to turn. I was fast becoming sick of my bargain.

Nancy remained idle for several days and seemed very fidgety. One of the punchers said she was getting over her dazed feeling, so I went to the stable. As I entered I saw one of the boys who fed the horses sitting on the ground yelling with pain. A tin bucket, in which he had carried the feed, lay flattened like a pancake. I asked him if I could do anything, but he was unable to speak. One of the men gave the unfortunate chap some whisky, and he finally said, "That damned gray mare kicked me."

What a revelation! I thanked my stars I had not attempted to go near her in the stable. Her head might be gentle, but not her hoofs. I decided to sell Nancy. I had been kicked by a cow; I had no inclination to be kicked by a vigorous young mare. But I had difficulty in finding a buyer. The cowboys did not want her. An old rancher from Mexico looked at her, but shook his head and said, "Mucho bronco, mucho bronco," and assured me I had been deceived about her age, and that she was

just a common, rough-neck, Indian pony that had run wild too long. Since I could not sell her or trade her, I tried to give her away, as her feed bill was getting into my pocket. No one seemed to want her. The only thing to do was to break her, despite the warning of the old Mexican rancher that she would never prove any good.

One cowboy said he would ride her for me every day for a week if I would give him a fine little Navajo blanket I had purchased. I consented. He saddled her up, three men holding the animal, and then he started to ride her out of the corral. We witnessed a first-class bronco-busting exhibition; the little mare bucked Mr. Bronco Buster right over her head. Then she lay down and rolled. Then we saw her come out of the corral like a shot from a gun. We had a great time getting her back. She bucked and bucked, but she was finally lassoed. I sold her to a rancher for fifteen dollars. She cost me about a hundred.

Still, I had not had enough of horses. I tried several others, letting the foreman select them for me. As the weather grew warmer I rode a good deal, invariably returning home with a pain in the neck.

I continued on the strict diet of twice-cooked bread and a twenty-minute cooked egg. I received a letter from Dr. Brickner encouraging me to stay with the diet treatment and never again resort to tonics.

The exercise outdoors did me some good, and I became stronger; but I continued to be very nervous, especially when I went to church or had to sit down. My face flushed without any apparent cause, and I had those choking sensations at the throat that pronounced me anything but a well man. I began to lose hope that this life in the saddle would make me a Roosevelt.

While at the ranch I had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Anton Acht, the pastor of a neighboring church, who used to ride by our ranch. I was told he had the curious habit of keeping a roaring fire in his study and leaving the front door of his house wide open when the temperature was way below zero. I called on the Rev. Acht to satisfy my curiosity. He said he believed in fresh air.

He told me his liver was dilated and asked me to feel it. I did not notice anything wrong with it, as I did not know just how large it should be. I did notice that he was an

enormous eater, so I lent him my book on the "Stomach." After reading it he admitted that at night he had an acid taste in his mouth, and decided to go to Spokane, Wash., to have a test-meal taken and analyzed. He found that he had hyperpepsia to a marked degree, and when he came back he refrained from eating potatoes and took starch only in a dextrinized form. He cut down his food allowance one-third and chewed it thoroughly—"au Fletcher." In six months he made a complete recovery, was given a larger parish and wrote me from southern Montana that he was enjoying perfect health. All nervous symptoms and every trace of acidity had disappeared.

How happy I felt at finding some use for the book on the "Stomach"! And at times I felt a little sad, too, saying to myself, "I have cured others—myself I cannot cure."

The remarkable recovery of the Rev. Acht inspired me with new hopes. Someone wrote me of a new cure—"Eskimo Snow Baths." Besides the baths, the cure consisted in frolicking in the snow for half an hour, morning and afternoon, throwing snow balls, and thus getting the hands very cold and then very warm.

I looked in vain through encyclopedias and

books of travel to find whether the Eskimos performed ablutions with snow balls. I ascertained they had their games out on the snowy trackless fields in front of their igloos, but there was no mention of baths. Still I was willing to sample everything. There was no difficulty in getting snow and making snow balls, nor in throwing them—an exercise which I found very chilly at first. At ten o'clock came the snow bath indoors. I put on a bathing suit and rolled around in the tub of snow. That was enough for the first day. My skin looked like goose flesh; my jaws ached from the cold; my teeth chattered.

The second day I tried the snow-ball massage. As the big arctic pills moved over my skin I felt as though a dose of driven snow had been shot into my arteries. I was speechless with cold. The chills went down the spinal column and passed the icy hand to other parts of my anatomy. It was some time before I became warmed up and, despite alcohol rub-downs and many blankets, I did not react very well. I wondered if my whole body would suffer an attack of chilblains. Then suddenly I became consoled by receiving a Sunday paper, which had on it a picture of a pugilist and some of his

friends sprawling around in bathing suits in the snow. I continued the snow massage. My hands became chapped, so I sent for a pair of rubber gloves, and when they came I continued the treatment.

After a few weeks of the Eskimo baths, I felt so wretched that I suspected that neither cold air nor cold water improved *my* nerves or *my* stomach. As a last resort I tried a new cure—an ice bag held half an hour at the pit of the stomach. This treatment was described in a medical work I got hold of and was supposed to help the stomach manufacture hydrochloric acid, which I was supposed to lack. I tried the ice bag for several weeks and it made me feel as though I had bolted a pint of ice cream every time I applied it. Whether or not it increased the flow of hydrochloric acid I cannot state, for I did not have a test-meal taken. Certain it is that it increased my aversion to *cold*.

About this time I received a warning letter from a physician friend of the Rev. Anton Acht, who said that he feared I was studying my case too much and was developing hypochondria. "Hypo, under, and chondria, the ribs," he wrote, "too much under the ribs. Try to forget the dyspepsia."

I decided not only to try to forget the dyspepsia, but also to try to forget Montana and its arctic atmosphere. Believing that my blood had been sufficiently thickened, I yearned for a semi-tropical clime, where I could be outdoors all the time. I noticed that in summer, when I was outdoors in Montana, I felt much better than when I was cooped up hugging a stove and reading books all day and deep into the night.

Then I hit upon a new cure, which was of great possibility; it was decidedly original and somewhat exciting. It seemed economical, too, and, like the starvation cure, it took one away from a fixed habit of civilization to a primitive custom—as well as costume:

CHAPTER V

Next to Nature—Roof Sun Baths—Hard Labor—Rattlesnake Fright.

THE new cure was described in Sunday magazine supplements, in fifteen-cent magazines and in cloth-bound books. It seemed to be quite popular in parts of Europe and in New Jersey (despite the mosquitoes). It was simply getting back to nature, using the atmosphere as one's physician and druggist. Westinghouse had achieved fame and fortune by using air to stop trains; sick people could obtain health and happiness by employing air to stop "nerves" or cure almost any ill.

The articles I read explained how. If a man walked around naked, indoors or outdoors, the air acted beneficially on the five million pores of the skin, the largest pores being on the head and on the soles of the feet. Some of the writers took a fling at tight or glove-fitting underwear worn by so many people, and attributed colds and pneumonia to this practice. But as I understood the nature cure, neither underwear

nor overwear was desirable! The ideal "system" was simply to refrain from dressing in the morning.

Someone has said that life in modern society to-day is largely a matter of "dressing and undressing." I pictured to myself all kinds of comforts in taking a nature cure. There would be no quarrels with the laundryman over torn or absent collars and shirts, no fuss with tailors over bills, no crawling under bureaus to find lost collar buttons, no tiring adjustment of pearl studs to starched bosoms, no tight-fitting evening coats, no neck-torturing collars. One would walk around with the freedom of Adam in the Garden of Eden, while the five million pores had the time of their lives.

Was there anything improper about this cure? Certainly not, according to its exponents. "To wear clothes is a very dirty habit," declared one of the famous physicians, who had lectured on "Giving the Skin a Chance." He said the opposition to the nature cure was found among silly people, tied to fashion's whims, who pretended that the skin, given to man by his Creator, was an improper covering for the body.

Among the nature cure prophets I found the

names of Diefenbach, Guttzeit and Gustav Nagel. It seems that their chief and most powerful argument for the naked cult is that naked man is born into the world and that, therefore, nature intends that naked we should go through life.

Clothing, it was stated, is to be looked upon as the outward sign of the deterioration, the ill-health, the immorality of the present race. Clothing is not necessary as a protection against cold, as Nansen discovered when he met the stark naked Eskimos in the Far North.

Some of the articles I read discussed the wonderful power of air. It was stated that in one of the great hospitals of Paris throat troubles and catarrhal affections are treated by outdoor yawning exercises, permitting pure air to enter the throat and nasal passages, killing off the germs.

I decided to try this nature cure, and perhaps it might build me up and rid me of my very chronic case of dyspepsia; but I should not emulate the Eskimos who entertained Nansen. I should seek a warmer clime before I threw away my clothes to lead the primitive life for the benefit of the five million pores.

It seemed to me that the Fiji Islands would

best suit my purpose, but I dreaded a sea voyage, so I picked out a nook in western Idaho.

I left Montana in a blinding snowstorm and bought a ticket for Spokane. There I called at the sanitarium where they fixed up my good friend Acht. I asked the doctors to make a stomach analysis for me, telling them what a blessing it had been to Rev. Mr. Acht. They did it, and with surprising results. It was found that I had a normal amount of hydrochloric acid in that stomach of mine! What a startling discovery!

The physician who made the analysis was named Simpson. He made me swallow a glass of water and lie down. Then he thumped around on my stomach and listened to the water splashing in it. He declared that my stomach was in its normal position! There was no prolapse, no dilatation. I felt like shouting for joy. The next moment I was puzzled. How was it I had dyspepsia if the stomach was of the right shape and doing the right amount of work? Dr. Simpson said that probably my dyspepsia was due to a derangement of the solar plexus. I told him how the doctors had diagnosed "a-pepsia." When I described how Dr. Brickner had poured a quart of water down the

stomach to bring up the meal of a few ounces, Dr. Simpson looked disgusted.

"That is a perfectly pre-pos-ter-ous thing to do!" he exclaimed. "How can one analyze a test-meal thus diluted? One should not pour down a drop of water, but take the meal as it is found. That is the OBJECT of the test-meal process. If the meal does not come out readily, the tube should be lowered an inch or two."

Then the light dawned on me! Dr. Brickner's fiasco was on a par with that of Dr. Plunkett and his brave Alabama ally, Plimhimmon. None of them had known how to empty a stomach with the stomach tube!

I felt particularly enraged at this man Brickner, because he ought to have known better, as he told me he had studied at Battle Creek, where the use of the stomach tube was practiced diligently. To think of all those months of dieting and worrying over my apepsia and hypopepsia and two inches prolapse of the stomach, the wearing of that tortuous stomach lifter and the tight-fitting "Umschlag," all quite unnecessary.

"The nerves have a peculiar influence over the stomach," explained Dr. Simpson. "Shakespeare, that wonderful chronicler of great

events, that astute reader of the human heart, knew this. In Scene 2, Act III, of Henry VIII, the king says to the cardinal, 'Read o'er this; and after, this: and then to breakfast with what appetite you have!' And when Wolsey read the story of the king's anger, it is safe to say he was not hungry. One cannot worry and still have a good digestion. A man oppressed with debt or other worries is likely to get nervous dyspepsia."

We talked over my "Nature Cure." Dr. Simpson endorsed the idea. I then asked if he thought the stomach could be toned up by swallowing a rubber tube, in which a tiny electric light had been inserted (as I had heard was done at certain sanitarium), making a glow-worm of myself. He said: "To be frank with you, I think the nature cure would do you much more good."

So I continued southward, and in less than a day's travel I was in the mild climate of western Idaho. An artist, named Don Carlos, agreed to let me share his ranch, on which were two cabins, four miles from the railroad. He was much interested in my case, because he had read many health magazines and had been interested in fad cures.

Don Carlos moved to the lower cabin. I was left in the upper one. It was pretty well screened from view, so I decided it would be an admirable place for my nature cure. As the weather became warmer, I went closer and closer to nature in matters of garb, until I did not have on enough clothes to wad a gun. I rejoiced in the realization that every one of the five million pores of my body was having a fresh-air outing twenty-four hours a day.

I wondered whether it would not be even more agreeable and, perhaps, more healthy to walk in this natural garb instead of keeping myself cooped up in the cabin. I had nearly determined to make this change when one day there came a sudden knock at the door of my cabin. I threw it open, expecting to see the familiar form of Don Carlos. Instead, I beheld a tall gentleman in clerical attire. He uttered an exclamation of surprise and turned his head away. I recognized him; he was a Jesuit father in charge of a neighboring Indian mission.

"Where are your clothes?" he asked sternly.

I replied that they were put away in my trunk. I tried to explain about the "Nature Cure," telling him an eminent medical writer

declared that to wear clothes is a very dirty habit.

"You are worse than a savage," said the Jesuit, with still averted head. "Put on some clothes."

To please him I picked up the nearest approach to a garment that I could lay my hands on—a sheet from my cot—and wound it around me. With a pair of sandals I thought I should have looked rather classic. Thus garbed, I invited the Jesuit father to step into my cabin, but he replied hastily that he was on his way to the post-office and wished to know whether I had any letters to mail. Then he left me in a hurry.

I told Don Carlos about the incident. He roared with laughter, finally telling me that the Jesuit had come out from France to Idaho to "civilize the poor Indians," and had begun the work by making them wear more clothes!

"Never mind," said Don Carlos, finally. "I know a cure superior to air baths. It is called the 'Roof Sun Bath,' and it is good for the spinal column."

Don Carlos remarked that in simplicity is strength. He said that one of his cousins, a nervous wreck, had been restored to health by

the best and cheapest agency for toning up the nerves—the sun's rays—which are far superior to the Kaiser Wilhelm-King Edward Electric Light Baths. He continued: "The world-famed Dr. Rudolph Virchow, German anthropologist, pathologist and politician, summed up the best treatment of nerves and other disorders in this phrase, 'Enter Sunlight, Depart Disease.' "

Don Carlos said that the way to carry out the Virchow program was not merely to open the doors and windows and pull up the shades, but to LIE NAKED IN THE SUN and let the rays beat down upon the spine.

Following his suggestion, I put a blanket on the roof of the cabin, used a small ladder to climb up, and took the bath at ten o'clock one fine morning. I had a long raincoat handy in case anyone passed within sight of the cabin and disagreed with the theory that the skin is quite the proper covering for the body. Don Carlos warned me to wrap a towel around my head, as he said the head is too delicate to stand those intense baths which are perquisites of the spinal column. The sun bath was very soothing. Lying down was soothing in itself, and the warm rays of the sun were grateful to the

spine. In time, no doubt, those baths would do me a world of good.

Each bath lasted twenty minutes. After taking about ten of the baths, I told Don Carlos I felt they were doing me good. I seemed less nervous. It was true, my back was probably badly freckled and somewhat tanned, but the baths had been gentle and the sun's rays at ten a. m. are not very fierce.

One morning, as I lay stretched out on the roof like a chicken on a broiler, suddenly I felt a shooting pain under the left shoulder-blade that made me think I had come in contact with a coal of fire. Was it the snapping of a nerve cord? Had the sun dried out the string and broken it? I yelled in pain, and Don Carlos appeared, jumping through the window to get to the ladder in quick time.

"What's the matter?" he shouted.

I continued to yell. He came up the ladder and on to the roof. Then he saw a red spot on my shoulder. He took in the situation at a glance, and said, "You've been stung by a bee, wasp or hornet. Keep quiet. I will go to the kitchen and get some bicarbonate of soda for the wound."

From that day the sun baths took on a dangerous aspect.

I gave up the Virchow doctrine, returning to my air baths and resting most of the time. Then one day I met a doctor on horseback, and he gave me a suggestion for a new cure, which I took with alacrity.

Dr. Markham had studied in New York, and when he found out I had lived in the East, we had quite a chat. I told him I had some kind of nervous dyspeptic trouble which baffled science. When he heard of the years I had spent seeking a cure, he exclaimed: "If I were you, I would knuckle down to hard labor. Nature will force itself to make you well."

He told me that near the little town where he practiced lived an Eastern man who had come out to the Far West to get cured of a terrible trouble—"closing up of his arteries"—and that hard labor in the forestry service, blazing trails and building log cabins was curing him after all the sanatoria of the East had failed to do him any good.

"I should like very much to see this man," I said with sudden interest.

"Well, I'll take you out to the camp," said Dr. Markham.

He drove me out to the camp where the Easterner with the "closing arteries" was taking the hard-labor cure. He stopped cutting wood when he saw me and talked of his cures. He had spent much time (and money) at sanitarium, resting on sunny balconies and taking medicines. He had been to the seashore, the mountains and to "Idle Hour" hotels. No, he had not obtained relief until brought out to the piny woods and made to work. At first he had had an up-hill fight, but he was getting along splendidly.

As we went back the superintendent of the camp said, "That man Perkins came out here as weak as a kitten and as scared as a mouse. When meal time came around and we put some fried pork, baked potatoes and other life savers before him, Perkins would have none of them, but squeaked, 'I want my peptonized egg.' I had to be rough with the fellow, and said firmly, 'Shut up, you son of a gun! Sow belly is good enough for you. If you don't eat it, you can starve!' He cried for his peptonized egg for two or three meals, but at last sheer hunger made Perkins come around to our grub. Soon we had him working with a hatchet and axe and ready to eat anything."

I returned to the ranch with the belief that perhaps I had been mollycoddling myself. I needed some of the Perkins' treatment. I told Don Carlos I was determined to take the hard-labor cure. He encouraged me. My first duties were to put up a chicken wire fence for Don Carlos' chickens. I worked hard digging a post hole, lying down at frequent intervals to rest. I made very slow progress. Finally, I grappled with the problem of tacking up the wire. That was easier; but I felt too weak to continue, so I returned to my cabin and rested on a cot.

I wrote Dr. Simpson about the hard-labor cure; he replied that it would fix me up if I would avoid becoming exhausted. I tried hard to work the next day, but I did not seem able to digest enough food to aid me to recuperate from the exhaustion that had set in. I attempted to saw wood, but with the same results of extreme weakness all over. I would lie down on the ground for a few minutes and then go back to work. Gradually the minutes were turned into hours. For weeks and weeks I tried to get good results from the "hard-labor cure," and chewed my food very thoroughly; but I experienced much stomach distress. Then

came the hot weather, one hundred and ten degrees in the shade. Of course, I could not do hard labor in that heat. I was thoroughly tired of "hard labor."

During several days of the very hot weather I remained in the upper cabin, resting most of the time. I tried to think of something else to do; hard work did not seem to perform the wonders for me that it had done for Mr. Perkins, a postgraduate of the peptonized egg diet.

About nine o'clock one morning, as I lay in bed, I noticed a pair of tiny, bright eyes which at once held my rapt attention. A rattlesnake was about to share my cabin with me. The great heat, following the long rains of the winter and spring, had forced the weeds upward, so that they surrounded the cabin and grew through the wide cracks in the floor. And coming up with them was a baby rattler! Fortunately, I had a loaded twenty-two rifle hanging on the wall near my cot. I reached for it and, taking good aim, I popped the rattler right in the neck. He dropped as though a jugular vein had been struck. Just then there was a rustling, rattling sound, and I wondered if I were in for a fight with a whole nest of the terrible snakes. My blood began to curdle; I had read

of the agonizing death from a rattlesnake bite.

I reloaded my gun and, sure enough, up popped another head. I fired, but missed. I shot again. The rattling army sought cover. I jumped up, put on my slippers, a pair of trousers and a coat. I was feeling shaky. The suddenness of it all had given me no time to think of my nervous troubles; but now I felt nervous.

After waiting a few minutes, the head of a big rattler popped up through the boards. She was the mammy rattler, no doubt, seeking vengeance. How I deplored my negligence in not having a good floor put in that cabin! I had thought the old floor conducive to good ventilation. It was too conducive. I banged away at the old rattler and was sure I hit her. I did not kill her. She escaped. I decided to escape, too. Making a dash for the door, I had to pass before the rattlers' firing line. As I went out, I noticed that the weeds were very high. Terror-stricken, I pushed my way through them, and whom should I come across but the mammy rattler I thought I had hit! Cold shivers went down my spine. The snake glared at me, but she did not rattle. She prepared to coil. I ran all the way to Don Carlos' tent.

“What is the matter?” he asked in surprise.
“Another hornet?”

He gave me a drink of whisky and made me lie down on a carpet in the tent.

When I told Don Carlos what had happened, he consoled me with the remark that sometimes a great shock has been found to be a cure for nerves. Perhaps the shock *would* cure me! I waited several days, but the cure did not arrive. I felt a great aversion to the rattlesnake cabin and determined never to return to it.

CHAPTER VI

Chiropractic Pressure—Rest in Bed—Nitrogenous Diet—Dilated Stomach Treatment.

I HAD had enough of the Far West, I was sure of it. My experiences in Alabama had been sad, but those in Colorado, Utah, Montana, Washington and Idaho—had they been less sad? I yearned to see the East again.

Don Carlos said he would have my trunk taken out of that cabin during the night, as the rattlers would then be asleep. A man was selected to do the job who was absolutely fearless and as strong as Sampson. He was a French-Canadian, and very devout. After removing the trunk, he said to me: "Before you go East, call on an old brother at the mission not far from here. This man has given good advice to some of my friends, and he may help you. He has heard of your peculiar nervous trouble."

So the Canadian took me in a carriage to call on Brother Bernard.

Brother Bernard congratulated me on my escape from the rattlers. He asked me my

symptoms. I told him that I not only was very weak, but had a nervous stomach disorder. I could not sit still in church, so great were my fidgets or feeling of restlessness.

Brother Bernard then related an incident of "monastic fidgets" described in the life of Saint Benedict. He said, "While Saint Benedict was at Subiaco he noticed at prayer time that one of his monks was in the habit of leaving the church when the other monks began to pray. Finally, Saint Benedict saw a little black boy tugging at the monk's sleeve. None of the other monks could see the little devil. The saint awaited his opportunity, and the next evening, when the monk started down the aisle, Abbot Benedict stood at the door and struck the fidgety religious a blow with his fist. The little black boy departed with alacrity, and the monk, with proper humility, returned to his pew. The little boy bothered the monk no more."

Of course, I was interested in this story, but I wondered who would find out if I were being led by a little black boy. The old brother continued, "Do you feel this terrible restlessness and inability to sit still when you are in a lecture room, too, just as in church?"

I said that I did.

"And in the theater?"

"Yes, in the theater; I have not been able to enjoy a show for several years."

"Ah, ah!" exclaimed the brother, "then I know it is not the little black boy in your case, for he never would lead you out of the THEATER."

On leaving the brother, he advised me to eat a little meat, and said he would pray that I might eventually find a cure. "There is one in store for you, but God may sorely try your patience," he added, "before you find it."

The next day I was on my way East. At meal time I did not go into the diner, but ate sparingly of some predigested food.

"Are you sick?" asked a big, husky-looking man, with a long, brown mustache and clear, sparkling eyes.

I told him I had been somewhat upset and had taken thirty-five cures. He was much interested and said that he himself had studied "the art of tinkering with mankind." I asked him if he were a physician. He replied, "I am not called a doctor of medicine, but a doctor of chiropractic." He gave me his card. I read, "John Henneberger, D. C." He told me all

about his ART. “‘Chiro’ for hand, from the Greek,” he said, “indicates that we use our hands in giving treatments. We do not uncork a bottle and fill you up with calomel, morphine, strychnine, arsenic and nerve-destroying bromides. All those things are of the modern, pharmaceutical methods and are more dangerous than the ancient pharmacy which consisted of leeches, bull-tail nervine, cupping and witch broth. We chiropractitioners have learned better. We work on the spine.”

Here I interrupted him by saying I had had a little treatment for the spine in the way of solar baths and hornet punctures.

He paid no attention to my remark and continued with the flow of oratory of a Demosthenes: “Here is a picture of the spinal column. We work on it. All maladies are due to luxated vertebræ—that is, vertebræ getting too close to each other, and so stopping the flow of nervous energy. You can cause this trouble in the vertebræ by strain; even turning over in bed at night may do it. When you dam up this precious, life-giving stream, you get sick; and when you open it, you get well.”

“Is this treatment popular?” I asked.

“There are twenty-three million people in the

United States who disbelieve in drugs," he answered, "and many of 'em are heading for our camp!"

Dr. Henneberger put his hand under my coat and said, "Just let me feel of your back." He rushed his fingers up, touching each button of the spinal column. Suddenly he exclaimed: "I have it! Here, between the third and fourth vertebræ, there is something out of 'whack,' and this has caused all your troubles. I had a similar misfortune, and came out West crying with hysteria; but a chiropractitioner fixed me up. Look at me now!"

He was indeed a healthy looking specimen of humanity and a good advertisement for his cure.

After he had removed his hand from my back, he asked me to feel the button, bump or knob, myself. I put my hand up my back to the point indicated, with some difficulty, for once realizing the troubles a woman has with a princess gown and no maid. Two bones seemed closer than they ought to be, judging by the distance between the others.

The chiro man continued: "That's all there is the matter with you. You can go to sanitarium and take cures all over the country, but

without relieving that pressure you will never become a well man. No, sir, I have seen too many of them." Then he gave me some literature to look over while he went to dinner.

I read the literature, and was interested in a headline on one page:

"BLIND MAN STRUCK BY TENNIS BALL RECOVERS SIGHT!"

And another:

"MAN FALLS FROM BRIDGE CURED OF LIVER TROUBLE!"

And a third:

"NERVOUS WRECK FALLS DOWNSTAIRS AND GETS WELL!"

Dr. Henneberger returned to the charge and, picking up a paper which I had bought, said: "Here is a story on the front page about a United States Senator in Massachusetts dying of typhoid fever. I could cure him in a few minutes if I were allowed to press on his vertebræ and let loose some of that pent-up energy that would kill off the fever germs."

"Are you quite sure that this clogging up of the vertebræ has caused his typhoid fever?" I asked.

"Quite sure," he replied, with decision.

"Then why haven't I typhoid, if my vertebræ are clogged?" I retorted, looking at him earnestly.

Dr. Henneberger seemed puzzled for just an instant; but he soon rallied to the charge. "You *would* get it if you were not so very careful in your diet. There is not one man in a million who eats like you."

Dr. Henneberger said he had his office in Minneapolis, and when the train reached that city he wanted me to take a treatment. He would not charge me a cent for curing me if I would tell all the other newspapermen I knew of my wonderful cure. This statement made me have some confidence in the man. I saw him talking to other passengers in the car. I noted with keen interest their look of sudden alarm as he whispered something in their ears about their vertebræ being out of whack or "alignment" (as typewritersmen say). He said they needed powerful pressure to whip them back into line. This fascinating man soon had his hands running up and down a half dozen spinal columns belonging to utter strangers.

I found later that Henneberger had promised to cure one man of his rheumatism, another of his diabetes and a third of catarrh of the colon

—all these ills to be wiped out by “pressure.” But I met one passenger on the train who was a believer in chiropractic methods. He said the pressure treatment once had cured him of a severe cold. He admitted, on further questioning, the chiro man had nearly pulled his head off.

When we arrived at Minneapolis I managed to get my baggage held over and went with Henneberger to his office. Perhaps here was the cure that the good and holy brother promised would end my misery.

The bloodless surgeon and I took the elevator. I felt pretty shaky, but he held my arm and assured me I would soon feel strong. “In three weeks we’ll have you eating pork and beans,” he whispered in my ear.

Henneberger had cozy offices. He introduced me to his assistant, a short, stocky fellow, with a bull-dog jaw, a toboggan-slide forehead, thick lips and a tooth-brush moustache. His shoulders looked like those of an oarsman, and his hands—those HANDS! They hung from arms as long as canoe paddles, and the knuckles of the hands were as big as pullet eggs. This assistant looked well able to assist Henneberger in any pressure to be done by hand.

"Now, take off your coat and shirt," said Henneberger to me, "and lie on this."

"This" looked like a combination of log, cross and vaulting apparatus. It was T-shaped and broad enough to support a man lying on his stomach.

Then Henneberger asked me: "Which of us would you rather have apply the pressure?"

It did not take me a fraction of a second to answer, "YOU," remembering the assistant's pullet-egg knuckles.

So Henneberger began. He sat on me and put his clenched fists on the offending vertebral region. When he found he had good purchase power, he pressed. It was like a pile-driver coming down. The blood rushed to my head, it shot into my face; I felt a tingling sensation all over. I was dazed, dazzled and dizzy. I was about to faint after the first shock. I wondered if my back had been broken? Surely the vertebræ had been separated. I arose with difficulty and asked for water. As I drank it I thought I caught a glimpse of a sarcastic, cruel grin on the face of the assistant.

"You will get used to it; this is only the first treatment. You will feel better after a few

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more like this," said Henneberger in his smoothest tones.

Only the first? Well, it would be the last. I told him in plain terms I thought the pressure too violent for me. Henneberger took me to my hotel and put me to bed. He stayed awhile in my room, and said that he wished to treat me further, and that he would lend me money if I needed any to defray my expenses while staying in Minneapolis.

But I had made up my mind to hurry on with my journey east.

"I think I shall next try falling off a bridge or coming in contact with a tennis ball," I said faintly, as Henneberger started for the door.

I felt worse than ever, and determined to be very cautious about allowing either M.D.'s or D.C.'s to experiment on me. I remained in bed for the rest of that day, and on the next continued my journey east.

Soon I found myself again in Baltimore, the city where I had worked as a newspaperman, and where, three years before, I had gone to my first infirmary.

I had lost confidence in Dr. Dorr, so I determined to call on one or two of the "best physicians" and sample their advice. I called

up a Dr. Thompson by 'phone. A lady answered. She said that the doctor was out of the city on his vacation. I told her I deeply regretted to hear it, as I had crossed the continent to consult him.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked in tones of feminine sweetness. Her southern accent sounded pleasant to my ears.

I told her that I had some kind of dyspepsia, and that in Minneapolis a chiropractitioner had assured me that my back was broken.

The lady asked me where I was, and I answered that I was standing at the telephone at a hotel. A ripple of laughter greeted this statement. "Why, your back is certainly not broken if you are able to *stand* up."

This remark was most illuminating. Perhaps she was right. People with broken backs could not stand up. Still, those vertebræ? A pair of them was too closely linked.

I asked the lady what her learned husband charged for diagnosis. She replied, "Well, you know you cannot expect good advice for two dollars."

I had to admit I expected it for that sum, but had never received it. Mrs. Thompson advised me to call on Dr. Jenkins, another noted

physician who was taking care of Dr. T.'s practice while he was on his vacation. I decided to see Dr. Jenkins, and in a hurry, for I felt I had not long to live. I called up Dr. Jenkins and told him I was tired of two-dollar talks and that I wished some really high-priced, valuable conversation. He said he would charge ten dollars for a diagnosis, if I would go to his office. He charged more to go to one's house or hotel. Finally, when I told him I needed him right away, he said he would come to me.

Dr. Jenkins was as good as his word, and was soon sitting at the foot of my bed. He seemed most scientific. He told me to lie down on a couch while he questioned me about my history. I began at the beginning and gave him a bird's-eye view of the "cures." His time was very precious and I dared give him only an outline. I told him how I had lingered on Dr. Brickner's test-meal fiasco, and how Zabinski, of California, had discovered an absence of hydrochloric acid after Brickner had diluted the stomach contents with a Johnstown flood. Dr. Jenkins frowned at this part of the recital, and said peevishly, "Go on, go on!" Jenkins was a "regular" physician, and he could not bear to hear strictures on members of his profession.

When, however, I rehearsed the Henneberger Pressure Horror and how the "chiro" man had promised that after three weeks of his pressure I would be able to digest pork and beans, Jenkins roared with laughter.

Discussing the hot baths I had taken, Jenkins said that all "eliminative" treatment of that sort was contraindicated in my case. Then I began to flush with anger to think that Brickner had insisted on boiling and baking me when my whole nature rebelled in protest.

Jenkins began to examine me. He did it in a peculiar way, refraining from test-meals, rubber tubes and silver hammers. He thumped my chest and made me cross my legs and shake hands with myself, tugging violently as he struck my legs above the knees to see what he called the "jerks." I later discovered this was the method in vogue with the best men, the kind who charge ten dollars, not two. Jenkins studied the geography of my back, and when I pointed out the two vertebræ whose proximity had made the "chiro" man announce I needed pressure, he said there was absolutely nothing in this theory and that he had seen other men in the best of health who had just such an arrangement of their vertebræ.

"Then my back is *not* broken?" I shrieked with joy.

"Sh-h-h-h!" said Jenkins. "No, it isn't; it never was, and I hope it never will be. Cheer up, you have no organic trouble. You have seen too many doctors; some of them you ought never to have seen. You must now learn to forget all about yourself. Your trouble is nervous dyspepsia, and you will have to remain quiet in bed three months, at least."

I told him I would. Then he sent me to an infirmary, and I was amused to see that it was the same place I had visited three years before. I found myself so weak I could hardly sit up. I felt that "all-gone feeling" intensified; I thought I should collapse. I was hurried to bed, and a nurse I had never seen before took my temperature. I was given a more liberal diet than dried bread. I had eggs and cream and a little butter. I was depressed. Similar treatment before had never given me lasting improvement. It was not a great effort for me to remain in bed, I felt so weak, so worn out.

I complained to one of the physicians that I was taking the same cure as meted out to me three years before; but the medical man insisted that it would have fixed me up three years

before, had I remained in bed instead of going to hotels and resorts.

After a few weeks the cure became very tiresome. I yearned to play cards like the other patients, to read books, to sit up, and to walk around. When Dr. Jenkins called on me I sulked. Jenkins said I was making lots of improvement. I assured him I could not notice it.

One day the physicians at the infirmary had a consultation and soon I found myself taking the "stuffing" cure. Its scientific name was nitrogenous diet.

The new cure was not invisible nor occult—it could be seen and felt in the five meals which came my way each day. Were I a goose, with my feet nailed to a box as the food was rammed down my throat with a stick, I could not be taking a surer road to dilation of the liver, prolapse of the stomach or extension of the spare ribs. I began to fill up rapidly and painfully. Here was the régime:

8:00 a. m.—Oatmeal, beefsteak, eggs, cornbread, white bread, potatoes, stewed fruit and coffee.

10:30 a. m.—Two eggs (raw) whipped in milk.

12:30 p. m. — Soup, roast beef, celery,

mashed potatoes, peas, beans, asparagus, rice, pie, coffee, tea or milk.

3:00 p. m.—Two raw eggs whipped in milk.

6:00 p. m.—Chicken, rabbit, omelet or stew, various vegetables, pudding, bread, butter, cocoa, stewed fruit, cakes, etc.

9:00 p. m.—Cup of hot milk.

I resented this kind of "stuffing cure." I was not exercising, I was lying in bed, and yet I was expected to digest five meals a day! It was preposterous. Every time I saw myself in the looking-glass I could see I was developing what a certain health food specialist calls the "potato lip of the Irish, the onion chin of the Basque and the sweet mouth of the American youth."

Finally, I mustered up enough courage to protest against these meals between meals. The nurses who brought the whipped eggs in milk were very beautiful, but for all that I protested. They generally had their way, however. I had the consolation of finding I was right. After a few weeks the numerous meals started up a fermentation in the epigastrium that even magnesia would not allay.

There was one feature that resigned me to the cure—namely, the alcohol dorsal rub, given

by a beautiful nurse, whose velvety finger tips radiated restfulness. The vertebræ were thrilled every evening at five o'clock.

After several months of the heavy-feeding plan I grew so ill that I thought I must die. I had morbid attacks of blushing, a peculiar, weak, all-gone sensation in the wrists, at the pit of the stomach—yes, all over. There was a hurried consultation of physicians. One of the orderlies at the hospital violated all rules of hospital etiquette by whispering to me: "I don't believe a soul knows what is the matter with you."

A new cure was, however, the result of their consultation.

The new cure consisted of lying on the right side several hours after meals. It was a peculiar cure, but I was told it aided the stomach to empty itself.

I was allowed to escape some of those meals, and I improved slightly. The doctors decided to let me sit up for a few hours each day, hoping this would do me good. It did, but my progress was so slow that the doctors decided to give me a test-meal to see if it revealed anything. I swallowed the rubber tube with the

same old difficulty. I never learned the result of the stomach analysis.

One day a young doctor from Wyoming who was "practicing" at the infirmary told me he would like to "inflate" my stomach. I had to swallow two liquids, which produced a terrible commotion. The stomach walls seemed pushed out and stretched beyond endurance. The Wyoming doctor had already marked off with a blue pencil the lower border of my stomach, as he had found it with the aid of a stethoscope; then he marked off the stomach after inflation. I noticed that the inflation had been a success, for the new border was quite a distance below the first marking. The doctor retired to a room and drew a large diagram of his discoveries. The next day I saw the Wyoming doctor and said rather peevishly, "I don't see why I don't get well. I have been in this place five months."

"You don't get well because your stomach is just three times as big as it ought to be," was his reply. Then he added, "I might as well be frank with you; a surgical operation will alone give you relief. You have marked dilation of the stomach."

I shivered. He continued, smiling: "Cheer

up, you ought not to balk at surgery, after all the things you have been through."

I told the night nurse, a beautiful Nova Scotian blonde, with large blue eyes and the rosiest of cheeks, that I was upset by the news that I had so terrible a trouble as permanent dilation of the stomach. Instead of sympathizing with me, she said firmly, "You ought to be thankful that they know what is the matter with you!" I pondered over her remark. So these great doctors had been dancing around me for nearly half a year in ignorance of what ailed me!

Two days passed, and finally a famous surgeon, Dr. Binney, examined me. He looked at the blue pencil marks on my abdomen and exclaimed in a breezy manner, "My, what an excursion!"

Should I let the great surgeon operate? No, a thousand times NO. That journey on the wheeled cot to the elevator and then being shot up to the fifth floor to meet white-aproned, tennis-slippered scalpel-wielders was too terrible to think of.

Still I had to think of it every time the Wyoming doctor passed my door. I thought I saw a yearning look in his eyes. The surgeons

were anxious to have an "exploratory operation." I talked the matter over with several nurses. One was serving her first year at the infirmary. She shared my aversion to the knife. "Never, never in this world would those surgeons get me on that table and stick a knife into me," she said, with a shudder. Then I talked the matter over with a third-year nurse. She had done many week's service in the operating room. "They could operate on me any time it was thought necessary," she declared, with great coolness. "Why, in these days operations are absolutely aseptic and, besides, Dr. Binney is such a SWEET MAN."

A sweet man, indeed! Thinking the matter over one morning when I felt like writing farewell letters to all my relatives and friends, I suddenly had an inspiration. Dr. Jenkins was considered one of the world's great diagnosticians. He had diagnosed my case as "nervous dyspepsia." The doctors at the infirmary said it was "dilation of the stomach." I knew from my book on the stomach that there was a vast difference between the two conditions. I would write Jenkins and tell him those young medicos were upsetting his diagnosis! I wrote him a sensational letter with my old-time newspaper

vigor. He came to see me in a hurry. He was plainly perturbed. He summoned the Wyoming medico and in his presence dilated my stomach. The process was as painful as ever. The Wyoming man seemed to think he had been vindicated. Oh, not at all. Jenkins, standing out in the center of the room, with all the dignity of a professor lecturing his class, said: "I still maintain that this is a case of atonic dyspepsia."

"You don't think there is obstruction near the pylorus?" asked the Wyoming chap, looking crestfallen.

"I do *not*," answered Dr. Jenkins, emphatically; "I think the distension is due to the atonic condition of the stomach walls."

Out walked the Wyoming surgeon, leaving Jenkins in possession of the field. I felt a hundred per cent. better right away.

"Hurrah!" I exclaimed, "then I shall not have to resort to a surgical operation by that sweet man, Dr. Binney?"

"Certainly not," replied Jenkins; "we shall not resort to surgery YET."

What a relief! Jenkins was of the opinion I had better leave the infirmary in a few days. I protested that I was too weak, but he said

there was no reason why I should not be able to walk. And, wonderful to relate, in four or five days I did walk out; fear of surgeons gave me strength.

CHAPTER VII

No Worry—Black Coffee—Developing the Primitive Muscles—Rain Baths—Power Through Repose—Kneipp's Dew Baths for the Feet.

I WENT direct to Dr. Jenkins' office. He asked me if I had been given any prescriptions at the infirmary. I replied that one of the young doctors had written one. He read it and said, "Well, you needn't take it." We then discussed cures. I asked Dr. Jenkins if he thought a sea voyage would do me good. "As you have not regained your health on land, perhaps you would at sea," he answered. But he cautioned me not to travel just yet; rather to live in the country and see him occasionally.

I found a suitable place in the country. At first I had much trouble in eating anything, since I continued to suffer with that old-time choking sensation in the throat and distress in the stomach; but gradually this wore off and I began to gain in strength. I walked each day, increasing the distance until I could walk

two miles. On Sundays I went to a church in the village. The priest had interesting ideas on health. He asked me to dine with him, but would not let me eat pie or ice cream.

He said he could see that I was very nervous, very fidgety, and suggested that I should take the "No Worry Cure." This cure consisted in abstaining from all "perplexing cares." "You must emulate the example of Father Beauregard, of Philadelphia," he said; "he never worries about anything. If anyone should rush up to him and say, 'Father Beauregard, your house is on fire, your library is in flames and your best silk cassock is in ashes,' he would not become excited. He would reply, 'W-e-l-l, we shall see what is to be done.' " The priest told me that I made thousands of needless motions with my hands and feet, and that I had the peculiar habit of fanning myself even in cool weather. He recommended me to start the "No Worry Cure" by counting ten before changing my position or picking anything up. "Learn to sit still for ten seconds and gradually increase the time," was another of his counsels.

I returned to my boarding house determined to put the new cure into immediate practice. That evening at table when I was asked to pass

the bread, instead of darting my right hand to the plate I paused and began counting. By the time I had counted "five" some one else passed the bread. The boarders looked at me oddly. I kept up the counting until it became almost a mania. I could think of nothing but "one, two, three, four, five." These figures bothered me in the day time; they haunted me at night. When I went to church the next Sunday I found myself just as restless as ever, and only with the greatest difficulty could I remain in the church, and then had to stand near the door. The "No Worry Cure" was not proving a success. Fortunately, the morning paper I read suggested a new cure of great repute for nervous disorders. It consisted in taking a small cup of strong, black coffee right after meals.

I asked the landlady if I might have a demitasse of black coffee at each meal. She seemed amazed. "What! black coffee for a dyspeptic?" I said it was a cure recommended in a morning paper by a well-known writer on "How to Get Well and Keep Well." I told the landlady that in the course of a lecture on hygiene a certain noted food expert had denounced coffee, and that thereupon a fine-looking lady arose and disagreed with him. She insisted that, al-

though a large cup of weak coffee promoted fermentation and injured the stomach, a small cup of black coffee (without cream) had cured her of a long-standing nervous disorder.

I tried the "demi-tasse de café noir" cure. It did not do me much good. I still was nervous and found it impossible to sit quietly.

Dr. Jenkins thought that hill climbing might do me more good.

I was predisposed in favor of this cure by reading in a health magazine that it developed the primitive muscles and that it was used extensively at sanatoria to help patients who did not improve by hydropathic measures.

These "primitive" muscles, the article said, were exercised by our remote ancestors in climbing trees, and modern man may develop them by ascending hills.

Seven hills were to be found without going to Rome. They were between the farmhouse and the railroad, a distance of three or four miles. I climbed two hills the first day. I was fagged out, but a truck farmer's wagon brought me home. I stuck to hill climbing and in a few weeks I could make the crest of all seven.

Daily I seemed to acquire more strength. No doubt my heart became stronger and good air

permeated all the passages of the lungs, making my blood rich and pure. That was something worth while. But still I had that wretched nervousness which doomed me to be classed as an invalid. It grew worse whenever I went to the city.

It was late in the summer when I read in the morning paper that a great cure for nervous troubles in vogue in certain parts of Texas consisted in donning a bathing suit and standing out in the rain. The pure, soft water, falling with gentle friction on the body, toned it up.

I took my rain baths near a shallow creek. The exposure to the air did me good, and certainly the rain did no harm. But I created a sensation among the neighbors. I received some threatening letters. The bathing suit was correct for the seashore but not for the country. I gave the baths up rather than have a row.

About this time I ran across a book, "Power Through Repose," by Anna Payson Call. Of course, I devoured the book. Boiled down, as some long stories are in newspaper offices, the message of repose to the ever alert seemed to be as follows:

RELAX! Relax, early and often. When sitting in a chair, relax, be that chair at the den-

tist's, at the doctor's, or in the lecture room. Relax while riding on the train; do not pull the cars, the board of directors have engines for that. RELAX when riding in a vehicle, whether it be a taxicab, a brougham, landau, landaulet, phaeton, coach or even top buggy. Relax and let the horses do the pulling. RELAX when riding in trolleys, elevated, underground or submarine; when riding in rowboats, sailboats, sailing vessels, yachts, tugs, steamers, ocean liners or whaling vessels.

Miss Call's message was received with most respectful attention. I thought over the past years of my nervous troubles and saw I had wasted enough energy to send the American fleet around the world again. Miss Call had thrown the spot-light on my energy account book and graphically pointed out my extravagance.

The method of relaxation was simple enough. One must feel the feet growing heavy and then the legs take on weight. The heaviness at the extremities serves to loosen the tension.

I started the relax method at dinner that day, and several persons asked me why I did not sit up straight. On retiring at night I prepared to dream Nebuchadnezzar's dream about the

man with leaden feet and legs. The relax method seemed to quiet my feet, but my head, arms and hands continued to "insurge." Next Sunday in church I relaxed by leaning against the seat while kneeling, to the scandal of my neighbors.

One day a Presbyterian minister and his two beautiful daughters came to our boarding house. One of the girls particularly caught my fancy. She was a Maxine Elliott in appearance; and her smile—it was of the haunting, Mona Lisa brand. Miss Virginia was her name. She was a Southerner. She did not seem greatly interested in me but rather in an Airedale terrier pup I was trying to raise. When the hour for starting home came Miss Virginia's eyes plainly indicated that she wanted that dog, but would never ask for it. Her look of appeal was too much for me, and realizing that it would take a good deal of trouble to bring up the terrier, I begged her to accept it as a souvenir of her visit.

She gave one musical, high note of delight, and then almost smothered the dog with caresses.

The good Presbyterian divine must have been pleased with my Southern chivalry, for he

invited me to ride home with him. I accepted, knowing Miss Virginia would be one of my companions. Her sister sat on the front seat with the minister, and Miss Virginia and I and the dog took the other seat. We had a pleasant drive for the first mile or two. Suddenly Miss Virginia screamed in her soprano voice, "Stop kissing me!" I shall never forget the shrewd, sly look the minister shot around at both of us. Blushing a good deal, Miss Virginia explained that it was the Airedale to whom she had addressed the remark.

We were amused for a while by the incident, and then conversation began to lag; Miss Virginia paid more attention to the dog than to me. Suddenly I recalled I was riding in a carriage—my first carriage ride since reading the great Payson Call book. Ah, here was a capital chance to relax. So I began. My feet became heavy and then the calves of my legs. I sent the relax signal to the heart and stomach. Even the vertebræ caught it up and soon my muscles were like limp leather all over. The carriage swayed gently and I swayed with it, like a reed in the breeze. I felt myself gaining power through repose. It was growing dark. The minister must have been driving carelessly,

for suddenly the wheel passed over a stump of a tree, which lifted the carriage box a foot or more. Completely relaxed as I was I found myself hurled—right into Miss Virginia's lap! There was a staccato scream! As I struggled to regain my place there was enough light to see her big, black eyes flash with anger. I tried to apologize, but Miss Virginia said nothing.

After a little time I was given a chance to explain and told her that when the carriage wheel had struck the stump I was riding "relaxed," *a la* Payson Call, to soothe my nervous system. Miss Virginia did not seem appeased by the explanation. She remained taciturn until we reached her home. As I helped her from the carriage she said, arching her beautiful brows: "If I ride with you again, I must ask you to be a *little more rigid!*"

After my experience with Miss Virginia, the "power through repose cure" seemed to lose its efficacy. Nearly every time I "relaxed," I thought of a pair of flaming eyes. I lost the power of concentration, so necessary in the "Call" cure.

I told my experience to the parish priest, who had lent me the book. He said he had never before heard of such a catastrophe; and advised

me not to take the cure *in public*. He suggested that I call on a cardinal, who, he said, had suffered with dyspepsia. I lost no time before visiting the prelate.

The cardinal listened attentively to the account of my long journey in search of a cure for nervous dyspepsia, and when I told him I had tried scores of great physicians, he interrupted me, "Dyspepsia?—I know something about it. I have had it for-r-t-y years. Now let me tell you what to do. First of all, **KEEP AWAY FROM ALL DOCTORS!** That is very important. Be careful not to overload the stomach; avoid 'fad foods' and eat what you like, taking chicken in preference to beef; chicken is more easily digested. Walk an hour or two each day in the fresh air. Do not read at night, nor on the street cars, nor on the trains. Try to be cheerful. But the main thing is to keep away from all doctors." He then wished me well and excused himself as there were many callers waiting.

I returned home with the conviction I had received good advice, but, alas, I did not get better. Diet did not cure me, nor did walking. I tried to be cheerful, but I did not get rid of that all-gone feeling, that restlessness and indi-

gestion. I could not sit in church twenty minutes, nor even ten. I was too restless to go into what is called "society." What should I do? Certainly not consult any more doctors, but I still had that book, the "Key to Health." In it, perhaps, I could discover some cure for nervousness that I had not tried.

I checked off a number of cures that I had taken and finally found a new one. It was the "Kneipp Dew Baths for the Feet." There was a good deal of literature on these dew baths. The "Key to Health" said that the human foot plays an important part in nervous disorders; the foot is to the human body what the tripod is to the camera. It then explained that the foot is an elastic arch composed anatomically of three divisions: the tarsus, the metatarsus and the phalanges, or, in plain English, the toes. Further, it was stated that the elasticity of the arch prevents jarring of the human frame during movement, and is particularly conducive to lessen concussion to the brain and spinal cord. In other words, cut off the elasticity and you get the jar. With the jar you get nerves. That was why nervous people use rubber heels to break the jar or absorb the shock, just as rubber tires are used on bicycles and carriage

wheels. Since the foot has many times the pore population of other parts of the body, square inch for square inch of epidermis, these dew baths would do wonders if applied to the foot in toning up the entire system. These baths were also recommended for headache, neuralgia, colds, toothache, catarrh, congestion of abdominal and pelvic organs, and cold feet. In a short time I was a dew-bath enthusiast.

They brought results. I felt that the ligaments of the feet were strengthened and the bearings of the spinal tripod were "oiled" by these peculiar baths.

Early one morning, while the moon was still shining, I threw a light colored bathrobe over my pajamas and ventured out as usual on the lawn where I took my dew bath. I held up my robe-de-chambre and proceeded around the lawn. I had toured the lawn four or five times and was just thinking of turning in again when I heard a shriek. It was a woman's voice. I could not see anyone, but I remembered there was a nervous lady, a Miss Duncan, sleeping in the front room of the second story. It was impossible in my attire to rush into the house to find out what had happened. So I determined to retreat to my room.

At breakfast Miss Duncan was reported ill. One of her friends said that she had had a nervous spell early in the morning, and had risen to get some medicine to quiet her nerves, when she saw a ghost out on the lawn—the figure of a woman holding up her dress as she picked roses. The vision caused her to shriek and then faint from fright.

CHAPTER VIII

Washington High Life—Salubrious Georgia Pines—Change of Scenery—Olive Oil Inunctions—Cannon Balls, and Wooden Balls.

BY the first of October, life in the country had lost its charms. I yearned for the city, so I moved into town and stopped at a boarding house not many blocks from the infirmary. I called on one of the nurses, a Miss Bonney. We had quite a pleasant chat. She declared that I had greatly improved, but said she noticed that I still tore my hair and continued to fan myself even in cold weather. Miss Bonney said she was taking the "Society Cure," which consisted in going to balls, theatres, dinners, games and plunging into a vortex of gayety. This was a course of treatment prescribed by the head nurse for nurses run down from overwork.

When I returned to my room I thought over the "Society Cure." "Why not try it? I had shunned society for years and now, perhaps, mingling with people would make me forget

myself. I met Dr. Jenkins on the street and he asked me how I felt. I told him, pretty well. (I had to give some excuse for not calling on him.) He said whatever nervousness I still had could be attributed to my "psychic" condition; I had hypnotized myself into the belief that I was nervous. He assured me it had become largely a habit in my case and one I must break.

After leaving Dr. Jenkins I went to the railroad station to while away an hour or two watching the people coming and going. I always found that occupation amusing. At the depot I spied a Washington Sunday paper and bought a copy. I was greatly surprised to read an article signed by a former newspaper chum of mine, who had risen to be the Sunday editor. Then and there I mapped out a brilliant campaign. Why not try the Washington High Life Cure? I wrote to my friend, Jim Morley, and soon received a telegram in reply (Morley never wrote letters), which said: "Come, we can give you work."

I arrived in Washington and found Jim comfortably located on the fourth floor of the handsome half-million-dollar Y. M. C. A. building. Jim was heartily in sympathy with

my idea to meet people once more. He spoke so many good words in my favor to the m. e. (managing editor) that next day I was given a good position.

Didn't I lead a gay life? All I had to do was to hang around the New Willard, Raleigh, Shoreham and Victoria hotels sending up my card to people whose names suggested a story. I met some very charming people. One of my interviews was thrown all over the front page of our evening paper and it made quite a sensation among the editors and my co-workers. No wonder it made a sensation, for it was all the work of that peerless newspaperman and author, Mark Twain, who had granted the interview on condition that he himself be allowed to write it. Poor Mark Twain is no more, but his kindness to the scribes is still remembered by many, including myself.

For a month I stood the work pretty well. The effort to compose at great speed on a typewriter was a strain and the blood rushed to my head, but I stuck to my cure. When Congress met, the social and political life grew even more brilliant. I had no time to take my noonday meal and at night there were so many banquets to attend that I was robbed of my sleep. By

Christmas my restlessness had increased. Jim Morley and several of his friends begged me to sleep more and work less, to take life easier, but I did not seem to be able to put on the brakes. My life had become a kind of hysteria.

The straw that broke the camel's back was an incident that occurred on Dupont Circle, where the *creme de la creme* of Washington High Society is found. I had to call on a noted social leader for an important story about Red Cross work. I had difficulty in finding the house as I did not know the number. I knew the lady's name, and spying a light in a tailor's shop, I walked in and telephoned, asking her where she lived. She seemed greatly amused and gave me the number of her house. I was soon at the door. An English butler showed me into the parlor. The lady was very charming and entertaining, but I felt so restless that I could not sit still ten seconds at a time. I must have made her think I was possessed by the way I shuffled around on a gilded chair.

Polite as was the lady, she could not conceal her amazement at my behavior. This made me worse. In my desperation I asked her about some photographs which I saw lying on a sofa next to her. They proved to be photos of Red

Cross nurses in Japan. She discussed them and I drew my chair nearer to her in order to examine the pictures. I began to wish I had not mentioned them for my restlessness became unbearable. Before I realized what I was doing I had jumped up in the chair and kicked the lady right on the shin. Horror-stricken, I stammered an apology, and tearing my hair made a dash for the door. The lady rose to her feet. Perhaps I was fascinated by her manner.

"Could you tell me where the door is?" I stammered.

"The butler will show you," she replied in icy tones, as she touched a bell. Once out of that mansion I ran for two entire blocks to relieve my feelings.

I must get out of Washington in double-quick time! What right had I, nervous wreck that I was, to go around with the Dupont Circle Set, kicking them on their shins?

Morley was plainly perturbed at the incident; "She is worth ten millions," he remarked, looking very grave.

I told him I was going to clear out and throw up my job. Then he tried to calm me, but I refused to be calmed. He suggested the Y. M.

C. A. shower baths or needle baths, but I would have none of them.

One of the Sunday writers asked me why I did not go to the South Georgia pine country, where he had formerly lived. He said the salubrious pines were great for the nerves. Before a week had passed I had obtained transportation (for those were the days of passes) and was on my way to a little town in South Georgia. I had a letter to the m. e. of the only daily paper there. He was a little brown-skinned, long-haired, pipe-smoking cuss. He asked me repeatedly, "What can you do?" He needed a man to write local news and help him get out the paper. I told him I would take the job, and I managed to get along pretty well. Although I was expected to work fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, the work was not of the Washington nerve-racking kind.

There were many pine trees in the little town and the air from them may have been salubrious and nerve-soothing in summer. I was not sure that I could notice anything salubrious about the air in winter, so I stayed, month after month, waiting for summer to come. It came quite suddenly, the mercury shooting up to the ninety column. Soon it was 100 in the shade

and I found the heat intolerable. I became weak. I could bear that heat no longer, even if I occasionally got a whiff of turpentine with it.

One of my friends in the Georgia town, with whom I discussed climate, was an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist. His name was Dr. Sherlock Swan Cheatham. I spent many evenings at his house.

Cheatham told me that when he arrived in Georgia he discovered some of the doctors fooling their patients about their eyesight, making them buy expensive new glasses whether they needed them or not. "The doctor would note the strength of the patient's glasses," said Cheatham, "and adjust a new pair of the same strength. The patient would say, 'I can see very well out of these.' The doctor would reply, 'How do they compare with the old glasses?' But before returning the old ones he would touch the lenses with a drop of oil. Naturally they became blurred and the patient would exclaim, 'Oh, these are not so good as the *new* lenses.' A sale of a pair of gold-rimmed, seven-dollar spectacles invariably followed and, as the doctors dealt in these things, they made lots of money." Cheatham continued, "I did my best to break up this fraudulent practice and

my efforts as a reformer naturally made many enemies in the medical fraternity."

I realized that Dr. Sherlock Swan Cheatham was a very bright man, and I was convinced he was a very conscientious one.

Cheatham suggested that the strain of newspaper work and the severely depressing heat were too hard on my nerves, and recommended me to apply for some traveling position. He said he had once traveled for a surgical supply house. "The change of food and scene are splendid," said Cheatham, "and you would soon become accustomed to sleep on the Pullmans."

Anything to escape that awful summer heat! I wrote to different firms seeking a position as traveling salesman and finally landed a job which was to take me from Boston to New Orleans and as far west as Ohio. Early the next morning I went over to tell Cheatham good-bye. Then I heard the awful news. He had been hunting and had been brought home bleeding from a shot wound in his left foot, and moaning with pain. A doctor was summoned, and seeing Cheatham in agony pulled out a hypodermic and morphine. Cheatham protested, but the doctor replied: "It is the duty of a physician to relieve pain," and jabbed the

needle into his arm. Death resulted promptly.

A lawsuit followed this tragic death. I heard the details some time later from a friend. "A few weeks before the disaster," said my friend, "Cheatham had insured his lower limbs against all accidents for \$25,000. On his death the widow claimed the insurance, but the company refused to pay pending an investigation. The body was exhumed and an examination revealed a large quantity of COCAINE in the injured foot. The company maintained that Dr. Sherlock Swan Cheatham had cocainized his left foot and then shot it off on purpose. No, they did not pay accident insurance for '*lower limbs*' in SUCH cases! Dr. Cheatham's little plan might have been a success had a colleague not acted on the principle that the duty of a doctor is to relieve pain and injected morphia. Following cocaine, morphia is a fatal poison."

Poor Cheatham, I liked him so much. He was a very bright man, but shallow!

"To travel is to possess the world," says Burton Holmes, and he ought to know. "To travel is to regain health," say the neurasthenics. And what in the world is so precious as health and so hard to regain when lost?

Such were my thoughts as I was whirled

northward. After a couple of days I was in Pennsylvania. Already the travel cure was bearing fruit. I was feeling better. I straightened up as I took deep breaths of the exhilarating air.

Unfortunately, I had to travel right back through the South. The heat of the trains was very trying on me. The plush-cushioned seats were anything but cool. The Pullman cars were stuffy. At night, when they were turned into sleepers, the cries of the numerous babies aboard reminded one of the lambing season in the Southwest. How could one sleep in those Pullmans?

There were advantages in traveling, however. It was a thrill to visit so many different hotels and restaurants and sample strange foods. I always carried my stomach tube in my grip in case of trouble in the epigastric region from some indigestible article.

Traveling gave me a capital chance of swapping cure suggestions with people. I was convinced that a large percentage of the people I saw on the trains were traveling to watering places in search of a cure.

It was not difficult for me, an interviewer by profession, to interview these health seekers. I

made it my habit, on boarding a train, to walk through every coach and study the faces of my fellow travelers. I felt sure I could distinguish which men had been guzzling water at mineral springs and which had taken baths at sanitarium. If I saw a very fat man, I put him down as a milk specialist; if of great girth, a Neptune girdle or "Umschlag" wearer; if lean, lazy and washed-out looking, a "midnight choo-choo to Alabam'" devotee; if yellow, a sulphur water toper; if he possessed bloodshot eyes and a red blossom on his nose, then he was a beginner of the California wine or Peruna cures. If he had an Irish potato lip or a Basque onion chin, perhaps he had taken a reserved seat at one of those vegetarian restaurants? If cancerous in appearance, he was doubtless a Salisbury meat dietist.

Finally, I met a man who gave me a suggestion for a new cure. He was a merchant who kept a "racket store" in one of the Southern cities. We talked of cures for half an hour, and he said he believed the best physicians are to be found in the country. Then he told me how his son had been cured of typhoid fever by an old country doctor. The boy was about to die, when the doctor recommended that the entire

body be rubbed with olive oil. There was no olive oil in the house, so the doctor took plain bacon and smeared the boy's body with it. The "racket store" man assured me that the fever at once subsided and the boy recovered. He said that olive oil inunctions were strongly recommended for nervous disorders and might do me a "whole lot of good."

I had taken the travel cure for several weeks and I felt better. But I was still restless and the symptoms were too marked for me to believe that I could go to a theatre or church and remain quiet in a seat for ten minutes. This "racket store" man had probably told the truth, and if oil or grease would pull his boy from the jaws of death, perhaps it would fortify me against the attacks of "nerves." Certainly there was no harm in trying it.

Before immersing myself in oil, I decided to read up the subject and see what the medical profession had to say about it. The first medical work I took hold of stated that oil inunctions were of great antiquity, having been practiced by the Romans and Turks. They consisted in rubbing the skin with some kind of a lubricant, olive oil being preferred by the Romans. But it was stated that pure olive oil was

almost impossible to obtain in this country. Pure vaseline, warmed, would make an excellent substitute, although refined cocoanut oil was preferable. The medical work substantiated the claims made by the Tennessee "racket store" man that oil baths reduce the temperature and the pulse in cases of fever. A report of Dr. Taylor, of London, published in 1850, was cited. Dr. Taylor had found that "the oil bath especially soothes the nervous system, produces sleep, lessens the frequency of the pulse and correspondingly of the thirst."

I began the baths on Sunday night. Following the medical books I took a warm bath, rubbed down, dried myself and then applied the cocoanut butter. My body glistened like that of a pugilist.

When I arose the next morning I wondered why I had perspired so much; I left an impression of a full suit of pajamas on the fine linen sheets. The outline had balance, rhythm and harmony, and the unity of effect was very noticeable on the sheets.

I took a good, elaborate oil inunction every night, and I felt sure the treatment would do me a world of good, making me sleep sounder, eat better and finally dispel that irritation. I

certainly did sleep well for the first week. Then a disagreeable thing occurred. I received a note from the landlady, stating that I had ruined a dozen sheets and it was impossible to wash out the oil. Would I kindly pay two dollars a pair?

The idea of spending two dollars a day just for sheets was preposterous! Moreover, my pajamas had cost six dollars a suit! And all they were now fit for was lubricating cloths. I decided to let the oil inunction alone in the future.

On the train to Pittsburgh I met an electrical engineer. As usual, I brought up the subject of dyspepsia and found that he had had it. He declared that he was cured by using a cannon ball.

"A cannon ball?" I asked in surprise, wondering if I had misunderstood him.

"Yes," he said, "a real, steel, CANNON ball, covered with leather. It is a great stunt in the sanitariums. It aids assimilation and puts new life into the stomach tissues."

I procured one of the projectiles for \$1.75 and started it to work. At first I felt like a tenderfoot coming in too close relationship with the pommel of a cowboy's saddle while riding

a rough trotter, but gradually I became used to the ball. While hoping for a cure I discussed the novel remedy with my friends. Meeting a bishop who had just returned from Wiesbaden, where he had taken the hot water "kur" for his dyspepsia, I told him of the cannon-ball scheme to help rejuvenate the tissues.

"A cannon ball!" exclaimed the bishop. "I should think that would cause dilatation of the stomach. I never heard of such a treatment." I explained that the cannon ball was for external, not internal use.

Alas, the cannon ball did not rub out my dyspeptic troubles. Then a Cincinnati millionaire came along and suggested a cure that had made him a new man.

Instead of a steel projectile his was an apparatus consisting of twenty little wooden balls, which served to massage the entire body. I tried the machine, but could never make much headway as the skin on my back always got tangled up in the thumpers. A look in the mirror told me that my assimilation was below par.

CHAPTER IX

Bicycle Riding — Perfect Poise — Martial Music, and Scientific Breathing.

AFTER traveling for over three months I had all the scenery, change of food and air I required. I was still uncured.

I had a newspaper friend who was editing an afternoon paper in a "college town" in northern New York. I decided to go to that town and study the ways of the 'varsity's great athletes, who had won international fame.

My newspaper friend gladly gave me a position as interviewer on his paper, and also assigned me the post of music critic. There were two conservatories in the town and many musical affairs at the 'varsity.

In Washington, Jim Morley had made me do some "musical criticism." When I rebelled, saying I knew nothing about music, he replied: "None of the critics here do; go right ahead and we will print your stuff. You can do it splendidly." I managed the musical criticism in the college town as I had in the capital by talking to

the musicians and getting them to give me pointers as to how they ought to have played their pieces, or sung their songs. I asked one singer what was the highest praise he would like to see in print. "That I have a good voice which I know how to use," was his prompt reply. He saw it in print the next day, although he had certainly sung very poorly the night before. He was nervous and had a clutching at the throat. I collected a number of press clippings of artists (vocalists, pianists, violinists, violoncellists, harpists, etc.), and from the brilliant work of other people in my business I prepared a symposium of expressions which I held as a stock in trade, to be used when needed. I got along swimmingly though I could not distinguish a real fugue from an imitation, and my knowledge of "counterpoint" was nil. As the m. e. knew just as little about music as I (and often less, for I had a musical dictionary to consult), the artists' enemies and disgusted audiences alone complained of my extravagances in the musical column, and I held down "the job" satisfactorily.

Besides my musical work I conversed with the college athletes, and also with the physical directors. I interviewed great men who visited

the 'varsity to lecture or deliver orations. One athlete told me he had had a weak stomach and had strengthened the abdominal portion of his anatomy to a marvelous degree by bicycle riding. He looked pretty healthy, and I thought he ought to know what the cure would do. I bought a ball-bearing wheel and began practicing. I noted that it developed the legs and made the muscles around the stomach very rigid, more rigid than the "Power Through Repose" book might have approved. I continued riding for weeks and found I developed lung capacity. I could wheel for miles at great speed. One day something went wrong with a tire and I had to have the machine overhauled. I found to my amazement that I could hardly walk a block. I had become entirely dependent on the wheel. As soon as my bicycle was mended I returned to the treatment.

But the wheel cure was not curing my nervousness. I was so restless I could not sit through a concert or a lecture. I felt oppressed, overheated, and I had an intense desire to be outdoors. It was a martyrdom to sit in a room.

One evening I had to go to a lecture at the 'varsity. (I always managed to be near the door at these lectures, and step out when the

nervous storm became too severe.) I started to wheel to the hall right after a rain. In going down a hill at a good clip my wheel began to skid. I saw a granite arch coming toward me; my brake would not work, and the next instant I had crashed into the arch. My right shoulder received the force of the blow and was severely wrenched. My forehead struck the arch and a deep gash was the result. I bled profusely and was carried to the house of a surgeon, who sewed up my wound with seven stitches. I was sent home in a carriage and a trained nurse was summoned.

That experience cured me of the cycling mania. And the bicycle—it was smashed all to pieces. The 'varsity architect later informed me that the arch into which I had taken the headlong plunge was made of the hardest granite obtainable in Vermont. I did not doubt it.

Although cycling had evidently given me a good deal of strength, I was unable to conquer my nervousness and was afraid to enter society.

One day I met a Russian professor, who took me in hand. He was a great, big, strapping fellow, with an immense name, which sounded like "Imanhoff Tear-a-carpet-off." I

shall call him Professor Imanhoff. He taught several branches of knowledge to the students, who thought him splendid, and he tried to teach me the Art of Poise. Professor Imanhoff was a socialist and an ex-Christian Scientist. He could play the piano like Paderewski, and rival Dr. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, in his ability to abstain from eating meat. A Christian Scientist told me he was a cardinal of cranks, yet I liked him very much. One day I had to call on the professor for a story. Seeing me walk around the room nervously, he exclaimed, "Why, you act as though you had stage fright." He questioned me about my diet; I told him I was tired of experimenting with foods. We talked over some of my cures.

Imanhoff lent me his book on "Poise," which he wished me to read with great care. I still have the book. Professor Imanhoff's masterpiece differed from the work on "Power Through Repose." I shall quote an extract which attracted me in particular:

"When the mind lives, thinks and acts in that state where nothing from without can disturb, the inner foundation of real POISE has been secured; nothing can produce restlessness in the body or agitation in the mind any more, and

you can pass through every form of experience without departing for a moment from that deep, positive state of SOUL SERENITY where 'none of these things move me.' "

What a splendid sentence! I would send it to the *New York Sun's* "bright column" with "please copy" marked on it. The state described was a heavenly one. With real poise a person could calmly survey the train he has just missed, or when one's best girl, to court whom has cost a fortune, gives a final "No," that deep soul serenity would assert itself and one would take a deep breath of real poise and say "None of these jilts move me."

Me for the Poise! I should wade right in, knee deep into the desired state. But the more I studied the remarkable book the less I understood it. "Supreme poise is only possible to one WHO KNOWS," says Elbert Hubbard. Certainly it did not seem possible to me, for I did not know. I could not grasp it. Perhaps Professor Imanhoff's mind could tussle with that poise theory of soul serenity and get himself into a state where nothing bothered him. And yet, how could a man with such philosophy as Professor Imanhoff's play the piano with so much temperament? I was puzzled.

One day I met a very charming young lady from New York. She was a blonde; her speaking, gray eyes attracted me, and she seemed the possessor of poise. I wished to hear her views on the subject. Standing up or, rather, walking around restlessly, I asked her if she had known many men, the possessors of great calm, men who can sit perfectly still by the *hour*, men who can rival the automaton who sat in a Providence (R. I.) drug store window impersonating a wax figure and advertising a cigarette.

"Yes," she replied, fiercely; "I have seen such men, and when I meet them I would like to go over and choke them."

What a revelation! Was this the way a cultured New York girl felt on that almost sacred, heavenly attitude of POISE? Later we took a walk and I had a further talk on Poise. She advised me to throw the Poise Book into the fire, and said, "Throw with it the ideas of your pallid vegetarian friend. Tell Mr. Imanhoff to eat a few mutton chops, done rare, and get some color into his cheeks. Tell him the American ideal man of to-day is one of restless activity, the Roosevelt type. Such men are the

men worth while, not those of the *lectual, lethargic look!*"

This New York girl suggested music to soothe my nerves and gave me this pianola advertisement, clipped from a magazine:

"THERE IS NOTHING SO STIMULATING

to the jaded nerves as the weird strains of impassioned martial music.

"The crash of the attack—the desperate resistance—the clattering, clanking rush of cavalry—the resounding deep-throated song of the artillery—the sharp staccato rattle of the musketry—the clash of steel on steel—the mad melodious cheer of victory," etc.

Music was to be the new cure. But where was I to hear the weird strains of impassioned martial music? Certainly not at those conservatory recitals or other musical affairs which I attended as critic. I read with great interest an interview in the *New York Herald*, with Professor R. W. Gebhardt, a director of a con-

servatory and a violin virtuoso. In the interview the professor said:

"I find that musical sounds postpone weariness. If you should play a high note, or yell at the moment an athlete leaves the ground in jumping, he would go higher than he otherwise would have done. One of the popular illustrations of the effect of music is afforded by dancing. No man or woman could dance all night and into the morning without the stimulus of music."

Musical sounds postpone weariness. That was an idea! I should investigate the music cure suggested by the New Yorker, encouraged by the advertisement to sell pianolas and endorsed by Herr Gebhardt.

Nothing was said about "ragging" or about "syncopated" music, but, for all that, I decided to learn more of music's reputed therapeutic value in the treatment of nervous diseases.

I looked up the subject in medical works, and was much astonished to read in one the following statements:

"The therapeutic value of music has LONG BEEN KNOWN. For ages warriors have been led to battle to the sounds of martial strains. David charmed away Saul's evil spirit with his

harp. Horace, in his Thirty-second Ode, Book I, concludes his address to the lyre:

‘O, of our troubles, the sweet,
The healing sedative, etc.’ ”

Further on I read:

“There is little doubt of the therapeutic value of music, but particularly do we find its value in instances of neuroses. . . . Music is certainly a good antidote to the pernicious habit of introspection and self-analysis, which is often a curse, both of the hysteric and of the highly cultured. It would seem obviously preferable to have recourse to music of a lively and cheerful character.”

So wrote the learned medicos—“of a lively and cheerful character.” That was just what the dashing pianola ad writer meant when he launched a boom for “martial music.” I decided to test the ability of music to soothe my nerves and enable me to sit still.

I consulted a pianist at the conservatory. He was a Norwegian; Hagen by name. I had given him some good press notices especially useful to him after one performance at which he had been much rattled and had failed to play with his usual skill. I told him about the music cure for nerves. I read him the advertisement

about martial music and rattle of musketry. Then I told him I did not wish to invest in pianolas to get the music. "No, they are horrible things," interrupted Hagen. "I wish to play the piano myself," I declared. "But, my dear fellow," protested Hagen, "it will take years and years to learn to play martial music on the piano and get that 'crash of attack' you so desire. You ought to have begun studying at the age of six!"

Yes, that *was* an objection. Mr. Hagen counseled me to learn to listen to music, and said that the object of all music is to "conjure up pleasant thoughts." I told him I had listened to a great deal of music in that town, and that I could not conjure up thoughts of rare beauty when I heard conservatory pupils trying to sing "Lehn deine Wange an Meine Wange" and "O Promise Me."

A little disappointed, I next tried the harpists, who play an instrument dear to a son of Erin. The harp was the instrument on which David played to soothe Saul, was it not? It might soothe me. I consulted the harpist at the conservatory, but he gave me no encouragement to learn it, assuring me that it would take ten years "to play a little."

Next I tried a violoncellist, a sturdy German. He said the tone of his instrument came closest to the human voice. But when I told him I wished to learn the 'cello he said, "Ach vas! it would take many monts of sewere practice to make vun tone vot vill not drive away evry r-r-rat out the vall." Moreover, he was afraid the wear and tear on my finger tips would be bad for my nerves. The violinists said the same. Evidently I was not encouraged by the artists to become a producer of martial music. The mandolin was out of the question; "too much foam and clatter-a-datch," said my friend Hagen. Other musicians denounced the guitar as a producer of "catarrhal" tones.

Then I hit upon *the* instrument—the German zither. It had bass and treble; it was a complete instrument and portable. Of course, it was a formidable instrument, with its thirty-two strings. But its tone, especially the tremolo, appealed to my ears. I read that Patti played it, and so did the Dowager Queen Margarita, of Italy, and the unhappy Empress Elizabeth, of Austria. After hearing the world-famed zither virtuosa, Madam Kitty Berger, I heartily agreed with the ecstatic praise of Anthony Trollope:

“It (the zither) unites the full sweetness of the sounds of the human voice; it sings for you of the bliss and sorrow of love until your heart is filled with woe, from which one has neither the power nor the inclination to withdraw; it speaks to you as no other instrument can speak, and reveals to you with wonderful versatility the grief into which it enters with rapture; it creates an abundance of desires; it feasts us with the satisfaction of an imaginary woe; it reveals the secret charms of romance, to describe which words are powerless. While life is flowing from its strings, and while its sounds fill the air, the ear eagerly imbibes every atom of its voice and perceives every other sound and tone a profane interruption.”

I sought and found a good deal of literature relating to the zither. The zither was the parent of all stringed instruments. Was it not the Roman “lyre,” the Persian, Hindostan and Asiatic “sitar” and the Nubian “kissar?” And did not Shakespeare, who understood dyspepsia so well, refer to the zither in his play, “Love’s Labor Lost?” At all events, the union of sustained melody, combined with its ability to produce light and shade, was very captivating.

I bought a harp-zither and began the new

cure. It was a great task to learn to tune all those strings ; and the thin, steel strings for the left hand cut into my finger tips. But my teacher—a German tailor—encouraged me to put resin on the finger tips and thus brave the conflict. He said another good way to make the finger tips hard was to dip them in pure alcohol and light them. When the alcohol burned off, the skin remained very tough.

Finally, I was put on my first piece, at which I remained a long time. It was called "Ich kenn' ein Auge!" I am sure no oculist gave more attention to eyes than I did whilst learning that simple melody. Several people in the house where I lived complained about the "music," and said it was worse than a tooth-ache. Mr. Trollope had well said that the zither creates an abundance of desires. My desires took the form of wishing to learn pieces, and those of my neighbors to escape them, especially "Ich kenn' ein Auge." Finally, I did break away from that song, and I learned the "Lorelei" and "Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?" That last was a masterpiece. My heart became indeed sad at the difficulties that confronted me; but I dearly loved this music, though I had the greatest difficulty to keep the

instrument in tune. I found it also difficult to keep time.

The zither seemed to have a soothing effect, giving me something to think about apart from my indigestion. After months of practice I tackled martial music, the kind advertised as good for jaded nerves. The piece selected was, "Vater, ich rufe dich," a war hymn from the Fatherland. I thought I had learned to play this battle hymn pretty well, so well that, "upon request," I played it for an old German music lover. He listened attentively, and then said, "You have a fine little instrument there, my boy, but you can't render martial music on a zither. Ach, you need the thunder of an organ, bass drums and cymbals in order to play a German war hymn."

Yes, the crash of the attack, the desperate resistance, the clattering, clanking rush of cavalry, the deep-throated song of the artillery—that was not for the zither. So I went to a Russian concert to hear the stimulating brand of music; it fired me to a high pitch of enthusiasm. I felt worse after it. I tried the concerts of the "Music Festival" with the same result. I decided finally that good music was all right to conjure up pleasant thoughts, but that

it did not have the tonic value attributed it by Professor Gebhardt. Music was a palliative, not a CURE!

My love of music, however, did one thing—it introduced me to Madame Grimaldi.

It was Madame Grimaldi who conducted the fifty-seventh cure. I met her through the pastor of a church where madame had sung. He and I attended a function at a small college some miles from town. We had to spend the night at the college and shared the same room. He noticed that I kicked about in bed and could not go to sleep. The next morning he said to me: "Ah, you have a nervous trouble and should do something for it. I think the great thing is to learn to breathe properly. You are not getting the most important thing in life—AIR. One can live without food for days, but not without air. Remember that." He then wrote the name of "Madame Grimaldi" on a card and said she taught people not only to sing, but to speak; and best of all, she taught them to breathe!

Well, perhaps there was something in that idea! I would try it. My love of music was strong, and Madame Grimaldi might not only cure my nervous trouble, but even make a

singer out of me. I had often read that there were many Carusos undiscovered for lack of a proper person to try the voice. I called on Madame. She was a plump little woman, with dark eyes and black hair. She talked English fairly well. Her lessons to me were three dollars an hour, but I could take them in homeopathic doses at one dollar for twenty minutes. That scheme suited me. From my first interview with Madame, I ascertained the following:

“Voice production is governed by natural and acoustic laws. Voice culture should come from a physiological and hygienic standpoint. Each individual voice has its own combinations and adjustments. Proper breathing” (that hit me) “and proper voice production should lead to the development of a rich, pure tone and a brilliant thrill.” Harsh, nasal, tuneless, broken or weak voices were made sweet, melodious and powerful under Madame’s direction. The cure of catarrh, bronchial and lung trouble was included in the surprising results to be derived from Madame’s method.

Madame declared I had great possibilities in my voice, and so the lessons began. I had to sing out certain vowels, watching my mouth in

a mirror. It was very embarrassing! When I returned home that night I continued to see every gold filling and crown in both jaws. But Madame was relentless; she practiced the "Italian method." I confess I thought my tone production harsh and nasal; certainly there was nothing brilliant about it. After a few lessons Madame said, "Well, you wish these lessons to help the SPEAKING voice, is it not?" I assured her I did. Madame had several pupils who gave her testimonials that the quality and volume of all their tones were vastly improved by her lessons. If I could only develop one good, clarion note, I could use that note with pleasure to myself and surprise to my friends. Besides, I should learn to breathe right and build up a buoyant health.

After a few weeks of these lessons in voice and breath culture I realized that Madame's claims for voices were rather extravagant. Moreover, I never struck that great note. One day Madame made me read for an hour to her. Noticing I was not the least bit hoarse, she said, "Your breathing method seems all right."

CHAPTER X

*Foreign Travel — Balsamic Exudations —
Marathon Running—Ben Hur Rowing—Fresh
Water Swimming.*

THE cure-chase was still on. I met a professor at a hotel and discussed cures with him, as he said something about doctors being humbugs. He declared that he had a girl cousin who had suffered for months with acute throat trouble, diagnosed at first as disease of the tonsils, then of the larynx, and finally of the post nasal cavity. The poor girl suffered so much that she could not swallow food except by pulling downward on her ears in the act of deglutition, which made dining out an embarrassing pastime. After visiting many "specialists" and other "scientific" men, it was finally discovered that all her troubles were due to the late eruption of her wisdom teeth.

After I had related my cures to the professor, he became very thoughtful; then suddenly he exclaimed, "Have you tried the FOREIGN TRAVEL CURE?"

No, I had not tried *foreign* travel. He immediately mapped out a plan. It was to take me to Canada with him on his vacation. We would make the great trip down the St. Lawrence to old Quebec. "Make up your mind it is going to do you a world of good," he said, as we took the train for Canada. He explained that the merits for the new cure consisted in visiting new scenes, hearing a foreign language, walking on foreign soil and eating foreign food. The professor said the foreign travel cure had been taken by one of his nervous friends with lasting good results. We left the train for the steamer. The first night was most fascinating. The moonlight playing on the water, the gentle breeze fanning our faces and, above all, the peace and quiet enchanted me. I slept very well that night; but the next day I was as nervous and restless as of yore. Again and again the professor implored me to sit down and enjoy the scenery, but I had to walk around the steamer and see who was aboard, just as though the steamer were a train. I could not sit still for five minutes. We arrived at Montreal, where we spent a day, and then journeyed to Quebec. The foreign food was an agreeable change. I should have en-

joyed it more had not sitting in the hotel dining-room proved a veritable martyrdom. "You are indeed nervous," said the professor. He decided to take me to Lake St. Joseph, a few miles north. "We are going to drop the foreign travel cure for a little while and try a new one," he said.

This cure was to consist of "Balsam." He said that all round the hotel at St. Joseph were balsam fir trees, known to botanists as "*abies balsamea*." Their odor, declared the learned man, was a "fragrant exudation," to which wonderful nerve-soothing and healing powers are attributed. The professor accentuated the properties of the balsam fir trees by quoting Tennyson:

"Was not the people's blessing as we past
Heart comfort and *balsam* to thy blood?"

As soon as we arrived at St. Joseph I began to take deep inhalations of the fir-medicated aromas, and I think they did me no harm. I slept fairly well, had a good appetite and managed to put in some very pleasant hours walking under the fir trees in the company of several charming Quebec ladies.

After some days of this treatment I found sitting at the dining table as much of a martyr-

dom as before. The professor was disappointed. "We must try something else," he remarked; this fir balsam is not doing the work for you, though it makes *me* feel better every minute."

The professor had been an athlete in his younger days; he declared that athletics were all right if practiced intelligently and kept up after leaving college. He thought that running, under the direction of an intelligent trainer, might build me up and help me break the shackles of nervousness with the ease of Houdini, the handcuff king.

It was indeed fortunate that at our hotel we found a runner, a professional runner who had a record. This Marathonian was about five feet ten inches tall, and a finely built man. He said that in his youth he had been weak and puny, but a strong desire to become an athlete had spurred him on to develop his muscles and his lungs. He was now preparing to compete with the world's greatest long-distance runners. His diet and his method of training were matters of great interest to me. He did most of his running in a bathing suit.

The professor advised me to start right in and learn how to run—that is, how to breathe

so as to stand the strain. The Marathonian said he usually ran about five miles before breakfast to warm himself up. I began trying a hundred yards. It was not a run, but more of a fox trot I executed. The Marathonian counseled me not to be discouraged; in time I should get better wind. I told him a teacher of singing had discovered that I breathed correctly.

I tried hard to keep up the training. I did manage to develop a fairly good dog trot, fox trot and canter, but that was about all. Those hundred-yard dashes prostrated me. Speeding seemed to make my nerves worse. I had read in a medical magazine that any treatment which greatly aggravated the symptoms should be used with extreme caution. I determined to be careful. The Marathonian must have been dissatisfied with my progress, since he finally called me off the race track and proposed to put me through the "Ben Hur Cure."

The name of this cure aroused my interest, as I had read the book, "Ben Hur," by Lew Wallace. The cure consisted in rowing at one oar, just as Ben Hur had done while a galley slave; but in place of a Roman galley, we used a flat-bottomed boat. Rowing was a daily ex-

ercise of the great runner, since he found that a five-mile trot merely warmed him up. I was put to rowing. I had rowed a boat before, but not in competition with such an athlete as the one who pulled the other oar. He kept me very busy. Soon I became winded and begged him to slacken up a bit. The Marathonian explained that the rowing exercise is splendid for the chest and, combined with bicycle riding, made the entire body strong. Rowing did not do much for the legs, he declared, at least in the kind of boat we were in.

I rowed and rowed. After a while he gave me both oars to manipulate, and I pulled them with great vigor, but only for a few minutes. At night I found the abdominal muscles were as sore as though a dozen cannon balls had been rolled around that region. My fingers had the sensations that one of those presidential candidates complained of after shaking hands with five thousand admirers. The professor said I showed symptoms of "exhausting depletion." No, the cure did not seem to be indicated in my case.

My Marathon guide to health had a fund of resourcefulness that was marvelous. He said if rowing and running were not suited to me,

I should try swimming in fresh water. I had tried salt water in the ocean and salt water, very salty, in the tub; but I had not tried swimming in fresh water. I was anxious to discuss the new "cure" with my friend, the professor. He expressed the opinion there could be no danger in trying the fresh-water bathing. He added, "I knew a physician who made his children take this cure for symptoms of St. Vitus' dance. The cure of disease by water was known to the Greek, the Roman and the Arabian physicians. Hippocrates wrote a treatise on this subject, whilst French, German and American physicians have paid much attention to hydrotherapeutics in recent years. The cold bath stimulates the skin and nervous system. Cold causes the capillaries of the skin to contract and, consequently, the blood is driven at great speed to the deeper parts. Then a reaction ensues. The cutaneous vessels dilate to a greater caliber than before the shock and the blood rushes freely to the surface. A glow of heat results and the skin flushes. The heart's action is strengthened and, above all, the nervous system is braced. The cold bath has done wonders for the English nation, and now is regarded the world over as one of the

safest and surest preventives of colds. I should think it would be indicated in your case in the form of swimming, to brace up the nervous system. Sample this new treatment."

The first noticeable effect of my plunge into the icy Canadian lake was a deep inspiration or gasp, followed by fuller but irregular breathing. The capillaries of the skin were doubtless contracting, as the professor said they would, but there was not that resultant glow of the skin after the bath. Perhaps I stayed in the water too long. The next day I spent only five minutes in the lake. I came out weaker, but the Marathon man made me stick to the treatment. I felt no change for the better; indeed, I experienced "new morbid manifestations," as one medical writer calls them. I looked blue under the eyes, whilst my finger tips were drawn up and wrinkled. The professor begged me not to give up the cold-water bathing cure without a thorough trial. He said that water itself is not dangerous, even if one is immersed in it for hours, days or weeks. He had read of a Viennese skin specialist who kept one of his patients in water for OVER HALF A YEAR! "But the trouble with my immersion in water here

seems not so much the water, but the low temperature," I said.

"O, if it is too *cold*, that is another matter," answered the professor. "You might follow the suggestion offered by Jules Verne in one of his books, to grease the body with lard before taking the plunge; you thereby protect the skin from cold." But at last the professor and I agreed that Canadian cures were not indicated in my case, so we returned to the United States.

CHAPTER XI

*Barber Chair Repose—Tonsil Gargling—
Tunis Fenugreek Seed Fattener—Complete Si-
lence.*

ON the way home I met a girl who appeared to have the poise, peace and power I so desired. She could sit still for hours, both on the boat and in the train. She was a tall blonde. Her name was Miss Cabot, and she came from Boston. I could not sit still long enough to talk to her for any length of time; besides, I was conscious that I was pulling my hair while I made the attempt to bridle an impulse to shuffle in my chair. But Miss Cabot showed no signs of surprise at my behavior. She was cold and immutable and had control over her facial expression that would have made even a Japanese sit up with admiration. I decided to fathom the secret of this wonderful control. I remembered a physician's remark, that I would never be able to conquer my nerves until I put on more flesh.

"Will you tell me how to become fat?" I asked boldly.

The Boston girl looked at me and answered, "I think that is something most people wish to avoid."

I feared I had insulted her. I hastened to explain: "How is it that you manage to remain so quiet?" She looked at me calmly, and replied, "Through the Placid Life—I lead it."

Was this the life that engendered soul serenity suggestive of eternal rest? I hoped the Placid Life was simpler to practice than Poise.

Before disembarking, the professor said to me: "There is no failure except when one ceases to try. I do not wish to see you give up your search for *the* cure."

I had not been back in the 'varsity town a week before many of my friends asked me what had made me so thin. "Cold baths and exercise," I responded with some dejection.

I met a California tourist at a hotel. He was going out to the coast to spend the fall. He had suffered from dyspepsia and he recognized a fellow-victim by the pained expression on my face.

"I am going to suggest something to you," he said. "You have to work to be happy. So has everyone with a nervous temperament like

yours. Now, if you are like the average American man, you rush back to work right after meals, don't you?"

I assured him that such was my custom, though I had also taken prolonged rest cures.

"Well," he said, "we are talking of a cure in conjunction with your work. Now, even a dog knows enough to lie down after the noon-day meal. *We* must do the same. That was the secret of Russell Sage's great strength and recuperative power; he had a wicker couch in his office and used to recline on it after the noon-day meal, so I read in a New York paper. I am convinced that the noon-day meal, followed by the rush and tear of our American life, is responsible for your dyspepsia. It was so in *my* case; yet I found a cure."

"Where and how?" I asked in excitement.

"In the barber shop," he replied.

"In the barber shop?" I echoed.

"After luncheon, or whatever you wish to call the noon-day meal, you go to your favorite barber and get a shave. A shave a day will not hurt you, and will keep your appearance neat. It will require twenty minutes or more, especially if you have a garrulous barber to do it. Try every barber in the shop and pick out the

most talkative. By that means you can stretch your shave to *thirty* minutes. It won't cost you more than fifteen cents, and that is only ninety cents a week, a very economical cure. The horizontal position in which you lie, and the comfort of that leather upholstered chair, make the cure ideal. The success of treatments in many an expensive sanitarium is due to the horizontal position enforced after meals. I have an analytical mind and I discovered that. I also found that I could save about \$34.10 each week by taking my horizontal repose in a barber shop instead of lounging in an invalid's chair on a sanitarium porch. Now try it, and you will find it a corking cure for chronic dyspepsia."

Try it? Why not? Of course, I had not been going to barber shops to get shaved. I had been too nervous for that. The monthly ordeal of a hair cut was enough. I used a Gillette at home, so that I could walk around the room while shaving. Barber shop repose! Well, I might try, and perhaps I could find a barber who could put up with my fidgets and shuffling around in the chair.

I was greatly encouraged to try the cure by reading that a man who had been blind for ten

years and, after visiting all the specialists in Europe, had suddenly been restored to sight by a Los Angeles barber. One day while reclining in a barber's chair the electric massage was applied to his face. The vibrating rubber cup struck a nerve and awakened it from its ten years' slumber; the eyesight returned first to one eye and then to the other. A barber had cured blindness! Perhaps a barber could cure nervous dyspepsia.

I visited the tonsorial parlors and told the barber I wished to be shaved as slowly as possible. I cautioned him to be careful not to cut me, as I was very nervous. I also told him I wished he would tell me his views on the tariff question. He had a hard time. I wriggled around in the chair, and again and again he had to raise his razor. He cut me slightly on the cheek, but said it was because I was rather thin in the face. He found it very difficult to avoid cutting me when I twitched so suddenly. I am sure he spent as unpleasant a half hour as I. But I was not going to give up, for the rest after the meal would surely do me good. I tried it the next day and the next. Each time he cut me slightly and rubbed some kind of an alum pencil on the wound. By the end of a week,

while I had not spent much money for the treatment, my face looked like that of a Heidelberg student.

On the eighth day the barber cut me pretty badly. He said it was because I jumped. He could not help it. He would apply disinfectants and plaster.

"Does it pain very much?" asked the barber, with a show of sympathy.

"I do not mind the pain, but I think the loss of blood will prove weakening," I replied. "Perhaps I had better shave myself until my face heals."

The wounds did heal eventually, but by the time the court-plaster was removed I had lost all desire for "barber chair repose" after the noon-day meal.

I had now hunted a cure for *eight* years. Certainly I did not lack persistency. I still stuck to newspaper work, but my nervous trouble grew worse and worse. I began to have a new ailment, ringing in the ears. I read up on the subject in my book "Household Medicine" and found its medical name was "tinnitus aurium." I decided to consult a specialist. He recommended inflating the ear by means of a silver tube. The operation performed twice a

week was very ticklish and cost me two dollars each time. I obtained some relief. Then I consulted another "aurist," and he said that he did not wish to rob me of four dollars a week and would be frank about my case. He said I had had adenoids when a youngster and that the septum of my nose would have to be straightened by surgery. As these two aurists could not agree, I went to Baltimore and consulted a third, who found that the cause of the bell sounds and explosions in the ear was due to an inflamed tonsil. He doctored my tonsils with gargling of alkolol, warning me never to mistake the name for "alcohol," as had one of his patients, doing irreparable injury. The aurist said I was very nervous and that he was sure my tonsils made me thin and wretched; his tonsils were responsible for a similar trouble, which induced him to become a throat specialist. He said one of his patients, a lady, had her tonsils removed and had gained sixty pounds as the result. He said if the explosions in the ear kept up, I would have to have that left tonsil removed. I went home and found that the gargling did me good, for the swelling diminished and so did the noises; but I did not gain weight.

I might add that, on the train back to my

'varsity town, I met a man who gave me much encouragement in cure-hunting, despite the fact I had rounded out eight years without finding my cure.

"Don't give up until you take your last breath," he said; "for down in South Carolina I knew an old fellow who suffered *seventeen* years with a coughing trouble, which doctors diagnosed as incurable consumption. One day the old fellow coughed worse than usual and out came a tooth which had gone down his left lung. He got better right off and gained forty pounds, going up to his customary weight of one hundred and eighty. So you see you never can tell what nature may do for you."

How to become fat, that was the question. I began to read literature on the problem. There was plenty of literature on how to become thin, but very little on how to grow fat. I saw headlines, "Conflict of Love and Fat," advertising a fat-reducing medicine. At last I made a discovery. I read of the introduction into this country of "Fenugreek," a seed brought over from Tunis, Africa. I looked up Fenugreek in the dictionary. The *Standard*, which has 317,000 words, said of it: "An Old World herb of the bean family, having strong-scented

leaves and edible mucilaginous seeds." It was said to be used by the Jewish maidens in Tunis to increase their weight to three hundred pounds in order to make them matrimonially eligible. The seed could be eaten powdered; it not merely aided, but *forced* assimilation. The United States Government was experimenting with these seeds, I was informed. A picture of some of the results of its use was published in the *National Geographical Magazine*. Two rather husky-looking maidens were shown who must have each weighed at least three hundred pounds. My, what arms and ankles they had! And their necks, they were of the goiter style seen in the Tyrol. I should be cautious about taking anything so powerful as Fenugreek.

Then a great man passed through our 'varsity town, Horace Fletcher, world-famed as an authority on diet. Certainly, if any man in the world knew how one should get fat, Mr. Fletcher must know.

I interviewed Mr. Fletcher, who was the picture of plumpness. I had read his books; had Fletcherized those dog biscuits Dr. Brickner gave me—still I thought Mr. Fletcher could give me some hints.

"You wish to become fat?" said Mr. Fletcher in surprise, as we sat in his room. "Why?"

I told him there was lots of literature on the disadvantages of being lean, and even Shakespeare had pointed out that the lean and hungry Cassius was an eyesore to Cæsar. Fletcher said that many great men had been lean; Lincoln was lean, the great Napoleon was also lean when he was doing his best work, such as crossing the Alps. He added, "If you are determined to have a plump face, buy ten cents worth of chewing gum and stick it in your cheeks."

"What do you think of Fenugreek as a fattener?" I asked.

"Fenugreek?" echoed the authority on diet; "why I never heard of it before!"

That was a jolt. I told Mr. Fletcher all about it. The hotel clerk told me later that Mr. Fletcher paid me a high compliment, calling me a "brilliant man."

I kept up my determination to get fat at all costs. I was encouraged by reading the following advertisement of a fat-medicine concern: "Remember, it never pays to look shrunk; men and women don't like to associate with dried-ups. Plumpness and prosperity are twins. Men flee from wrinkles and bony necks."

Of course, I did not take the fat medicine, for I had ceased having confidence in medicines. But Fenugreek was a *seed*, and the dictionary said an edible one. It could do no harm, and might do good. I began taking Fenugreek in small doses, also drinking the water which had been left on the seed over night. The water was very bitter and was supposed to have a tonic effect like *nux vomica*.

I took the seeds for some time, but I could not notice by the scales that any forcing of assimilation was going on in my system. The Fenugreek was so bitter it proved a thorny road to "plumpness and prosperity."

I mentioned the seed to a druggist. He looked it up in his *Pharmacopia* and exclaimed, "Why, we use that seed in condition powders for *horses*!" The druggist said Fenugreek was supposed to give horses a glossy coat. Every time he saw me he exclaimed, "Are you putting on any gloss?"

I chucked the mucilaginous seeds away.

All day Sunday I tossed about in my Morris chair thinking over another cure. I could not keep still.

Suddenly my reveries were cut short by a violent knock at the door. In came Hagen, the

pianist. He had a look of cheerful courage in his face that I liked to see.

"I wish to ask you a great favor," he said, hurriedly. "Will you recommend me for the post of music director at a college in the South?"

I recommend him? What did I know about music? And what weight would my recommendations have? He replied I could do a great deal, as I had written many criticisms of artists and had been a music editor of a paper. The idea! Well, he needed help, and so I drew a chair to a desk and wrote him a very flattering testimonial.

Then we discussed cures. He admitted that I was looking worse, and he said he thought it was from incessant talking, which, he declared, was a great tax on the vitality.

"If I were you," he said, "I should take the 'Silence Cure.'" I myself had to take it once, owing to a nervous breakdown. Talking is a tremendous drain on a man's vitality, although it does not seem to hurt a woman," he added.

I had practiced abstinence from meat, from starch, from all food. I had never yet refrained from talking. Why not give it a trial?

The Norwegian continued: "Neurasthenia

is weakness of the nerves. All such troubles are simply lack of control, a slipping of the brakes. Now this condition is nothing in the world but brain starvation. If you cannot assimilate food to nourish the brain, then you must rest the brain. If you cannot walk on a broken leg, rest the leg until the bone mends. That is logic."

"Where is the best place to take the Silence Cure?" I asked.

"At the home of Mrs. Parsimmons, on the hill," he replied instantly.

"But why there?" I persisted.

"Because she is away most of the time and her daughters are deaf-mutes."

Well, there would be no harm in changing rooms. I had done that before. I took his card and visited Mrs. Parsimmons. Soon I had a room at her house. I met her daughters. One was named Vonciel, Mrs. Parsimmons explaining that the name had been given by a German minister and his wife, "Von" meaning (in German) "Of" and "Ciel" being French for Heaven. The other girl had a less heavenly name, Trixie.

The home was indeed restful, and suited to take the silence cure to perfection. Mrs. Par-

simmons usually dined with us in the evening and talked to her daughters by signs. They talked to me by writing and were very quick with the pencil.

Mrs. Parsimmons soon understood I did not wish to talk much with my mouth, and began to teach me the sign language. It was interesting and I made some progress.

I enjoyed the silence cure. The house was so restful one could have heard a pin drop.

Though Vonciel and Trixie never talked or laughed, they occasionally made sweeping gestures to indicate great mirth. Three times a day one of the girls produced prolonged applause by clapping her hands. 'Twas the signal that meals were ready.

I led a peculiar life while in that house. I soon realized that a man is profoundly influenced by his surroundings. Before long I found myself, when in a store, making signs for things I wished to buy. I once heard a customer remark of me, "He's a deaf-mute, eh?" And the clerk replied, "Either that or nutty."

And after weeks and weeks I really believed my health improved. I saved vitality, I rested my brain. Finally, I put the cure to a great test by going to a musical affair. But the old-time

enemy would not let me alone. In the middle of the concert I felt the same irresistible impulse to leave the hall. My shoes creaked terribly and annoyed the violinist. I was embarrassed to the last degree, but to attempt to sit still in that place was too much of a martyrdom.

Alas, I was not yet cured, even by the silent life!

CHAPTER XII

Stair Climbing—Dead Game Sport Philosophy.

TO encourage me a friend of mine related the case of a young lady of Reading, Pa., who had swallowed a water lizard. After much suffering, and when she was ready to give up hope, the ingenuity of her brother saved her life. He ordered her to live on salt water for two days. At the end of that time he held a cup of hot melted butter in front of her open mouth in order to tempt the stomach robber to come up. The lizard had become desperately hungry, and the lady felt him wriggling around in her stomach, causing a tickling sensation which nearly drove her into hysterics. The odor of the hot butter fetched the lizard to her mouth. With a silk handkerchief wound round the brother's hand to avoid any slippery backsliding, the rascal was collared and pulled out. My friend suggested that my troubles might be caused by harboring some kind of lizard. He suggested I should consult one of the great physical directors of the university to

see if he did not have some exercises which would pull out the water animal that was tantalizing my stomach and giving me such queer nervous twitches throughout my body. So I called on one of the noted physical directors, named Morrison, and told him my story. He asked me, "Have you tried the primer of all exercises, bag punching?"

I told him I had a bag-punching outfit in the cellar of my house. I had used it a little, but after meeting a famous bag puncher, who gave an exhibition at a local theatre, I discontinued the exercise. The famous bag puncher could punch eight bags at one time, for he was a marvel. When I interviewed him after a performance, he told me that he suffered with dyspepsia, which he attributed to his violent exercise.

"Have you tried rowing machines?" asked Morrison.

I told him I had tried rowing, but the exercise had aggravated my troubles.

"You have tried doctors, specialists, medicines, air, water and all that sort of thing?" he continued.

I said I had. The instructor was amazed.

"There is only one thing I can suggest," he

remarked, "and that is a mild form of exercise which might do a lot of good without overtaxing you."

"What is it?" I replied, without attempting to conceal my curiosity.

"Stair climbing," he answered. "One of the world's famous athletes who went over to Greece and performed great feats was trained in Boston on stair climbing. He carried crates of bottles up four, five and six flights of stairs while working for a bottling establishment. Try stair climbing. It is a splendid tonic for the heart and, in fact, for all the organs."

The most suitable place to take the new cure would be some high office building, but but there was none in town. I was therefore forced to attempt the cure at home. I wrote Vonciel a note telling her I had been recommended to climb stairs. The next morning my exercises began. Mrs. Parsimmons asked me that evening what I had been doing, and I told her of the new treatment. On Sunday a gentleman called and took dinner with us. He talked to me a good deal, and later I found out he was a physician. Mrs. Parsimmons finally confessed that he was her family doctor, and that she had brought him to the house to see

what he thought of my ailment. He had assured her my *mind* was *all right*; I had talked coherently. I decided to climb no more stairs at home, but I would try the medicine elsewhere.

Whilst walking around the city the next afternoon an inspiration struck me. Nearly every house in that college town displayed the sign "ROOMS FOR RENT." Why shouldn't I make a business of room hunting for the next few weeks? There was enough raw material to furnish the exercise recommended by Director Morrison.

I bought a map of the city and marked it out in blocks of one, two, three, etc. Each day I would do a block. Then I thought up a glossary of excuses to give for not renting the rooms. My favorite excuse was to say, "Well, I shall let you know by note to-morrow if I wish to rent the room." Needless to say, the note was never written. Other schemes were to declare that the room did not have much light, the heating arrangements were unsatisfactory, or the clothes-press was not large enough; the room was on the third story and I preferred the second, and so on.

As a reporter with long experience, ringing

door bells of strange houses, ferreting out elopements and other human interest stories, I did not blush at my conduct. At the first house I was well received. My peaked look, my glasses and tired eyes, proclaimed me a book-worm, perhaps even an instructor or professor. The studious-looking room-seeker was, of course, the most desired by landladies. The room I visited was on the second story. I found the exercise going up stairs was very agreeable. I tried to walk on the ball of my foot as Mr. Morrison had instructed. Then I went to the next house and I worked up north, and down south again. I must have gone to a dozen or more houses that afternoon. It was splendid exercise and the people who showed the rooms did not object to the trouble I gave them. The landladies interested me more than the rooms. Some were young, others middle aged; some very far from attractive, and others pretty good to look at. And what a "line of talk" I heard! Some of the landladies were very taciturn, others were garrulous and kept me standing at the top of the stairs for a quarter of an hour at a time.

I confess that after a few days of this cure I found supper came around with increased in-

terest. **I** began to believe that stair climbing was really good for assimilation. I was mighty glad I had met Physical Director Morrison.

After a while the stereotyped remark, "I shall let you know by a note to-morrow," became very tiresome. Surely a man with a journalistic vocabulary ought to be able to do better. Occasionally I had to be as slippery as an eel not to get caught without an excuse, for some of the landladies were persistent creatures and extremely accommodating, even offering to switch around their present roomers, if necessary. When the most persistent ladies had successfully met all my objections I would say, "Yes, that would be very nice and it is extremely kind of you, but do you think I could get a GRAND PIANO up those stairs and into the room?" That was always final. A grand piano could scarcely go up the stairs in any house in that town without the landlady remodeling the staircase.

I had taken the stair-climbing cure for over a month and I sent word every week to Mr. Morrison to say that I was doing splendidly. I slept and ate better, and in time I was sure the nerves would quiet down.

Then a most unfortunate accident occurred. I grew careless and instead of carrying my city map, I trusted to memory to determine which houses I had already visited. One afternoon I called at a house and asked for rooms. The landlady looked at me rather suspiciously, but showed me up-stairs. But when I saw the room I could not help showing my embarrassment. I had visited that room before. How could I have made such a mistake? It was gross carelessness. The landlady was one of the few who had cornered me at my first visit. I had to spring on her the grand piano gag and she had met the objection by offering to let me use the grand piano in the parlor. The landlady watched me cautiously. After surveying the room I decided to beat a retreat. She said in icy tones, "You were here before, were you not?" I replied that it was possible, but perhaps I had confused the houses and would she pardon me for thus troubling her?

Did she overlook the incident? Not she. As soon as I was out of the house she telephoned to the police a description of me and told the authorities that I was a "Second Story Worker"; she had observed me "operating" on the entire block to get the lay of the land.

Further, I had the audacity to call at her house twice to get a better idea of how to have my "pals" break in. There was quite a hubbub. The police reporter of our paper told me the story, the chief having given him the "tip" on the understanding that the story should not be printed until the culprit was caught.

That ended stair climbing and all other athletic "cures." But a new treatment was suggested by a friend in town from Buenos Aires, who had been, until recently, a student at the University. He had apparently distinguished himself less as a student than as a dancer, singer, poet and what not. I dubbed him the "Duke" and he seemed pleased with the title. One day he told me that in his country a popular form of treatment for chronic nervous dyspepsia was to become a "dead game sport"; send all the doctors to the dogs, eat what, when, and as much as one liked; drink wine, smoke cigarettes and keep late and irregular hours. The Duke insisted that I give up the ascetic life and lead the æsthetic, which he himself followed. The Duke's daily program was to rise about noon, taking a light breakfast at a different café every morning. A good deal of his afternoon was spent in listening to the latest

selections on the Victor Victrola, smoking cigarettes and dreaming sweet dreams about "the banquet of life." He called on distinguished actors, actresses, prima donnas and others in the limelight of achievement, procuring autographed photos from them to decorate his walls.

"You must become the soul of irregularity," he counseled me. Perhaps his reasoning was sound. At all events he had persuasive powers, and soon I was leading the irregular life. We met many interesting people. Sometimes the Duke would disappear mysteriously, saying he had important matters to attend to. I later found out he had a sweetheart in the city.

The Duke said that the pictures of actresses were a perpetual inspiration to him; "their look of *cheerful courage* is enough to make anyone look up to a brighter to-morrow."

After about a month of the "dead game sport life," of the soul of irregularity existence, I found myself in a wretched state of health, bordering on collapse. My throat seemed raw from the Duke's foreign cigarettes; my stomach was in a worse than dyspeptic state, and my eyes looked like those of an insomnia victim. I did not call a doctor. I thought I knew what

to do for myself. I went to bed for a week on the porch, taking the silence, open air, rest and a few other cures at once.

CHAPTER XIII

Romance and Mystery—Dr. Oxford and the Simple Life.

WHEN I next saw the Duke I told him I had bade farewell to the æsthetic life with the soul of irregularity as its keynote. He took me home to dinner. We were alone. Toward the end of the dinner he said, suddenly: "A first-class romantic love affair would make you forget all your nervousness and dyspepsia." I told the Duke that I had kept free from romances for several reasons: I had no time to write *billets doux* while fighting for lost health. I was too nervous to make afternoon calls, go to theatres and dances, and the most important reason of all—my doctors had distinctly warned me to shun love, champagne and cigarettes, saying they were excitants beyond my power of endurance.

"Do not pay any attention to doctors," muttered the Duke. "Did not a great cardinal tell you to shun the medicos? Take it from me, romance is the cure you need. I'll tell you the type of girl you must fall in love with. She

must have eyes like forest pools, reflecting the glories of nature, the vocal brown eyes that will tell her mind is a golden bowl filled with treasures rare indeed to find. Then the eyelashes should be long and velvety, and the eyebrows, ah, they must be the *recherché*, finely arched brows that are termed 'musical,' an indescribable characteristic of a poetic, romantic temperament. Those are the main requisites, and when you find those eyes and they speak their message, you will fall so deep into their ocular depths that the delightful intoxication of romance will effect a cure. To know that you love a woman and that she loves you is to WALK ON AIR."

I left the Duke late that night, interested but not convinced. I was still weighing the Duke's ideas as I rode in a street car next day. I felt somehow there were ladies standing back of my seat. I looked around and saw two girls clinging to straps. I offered the nearer one my seat. She was an attractive blonde with eyes of melting blue, in which flickered a suggestion of that baby stare assumed by consummate artists in flirting. Then I looked at the other and I saw she carried an umbrella. The umbrella was dripping and would soil her beautiful silk dress.

Without a moment's hesitation I boldly said to her, "May I hold your umbrella for you?" She looked at me. I felt electrified and scarcely heard her reply, "I can hold it, thank you!"

What eyes that woman had; they talked, they sang, they had all the qualities and accomplishments the Duke had raved over! The eyebrows were glorious, the lashes long, black, silky.

No doubt that girl had a mind as wonderful as her glances were thrilling. When she alighted from the car with her companion, I followed at a discreet distance to see where they lived. It was 515 Washington Avenue. In less than a week I had found out her name: Adrienne!

I related my experience to the Duke. He manifested sympathetic exultation. "Let me tell you what to do," he said. "We must write her a poem in French. We shall typewrite it on silk and begin each verse in red ink, red being the color of love. The rest of the lettering will be in purple, the regal color, the rarest color in nature. And together with the poem we must send some American Beauty roses, red roses."

"But," I protested, "I have not been introduced to the young lady!"

"It would spoil everything if you HAD," retorted the Duke. "A woman dearly loves a mystery. Americans make love in a very prosaic way. That's why so many of your girls marry foreigners, who know how to woo and win." The Duke was clever and experienced. He had studied love-making in Europe and South America; he had practiced it in the United States.

While he was preparing his poem in French I was riding past Washington Avenue ten times a day with the hope of getting another glimpse of Adrienne. But I did not see her. One afternoon, after a football game, I had better luck. We came face to face in a car. I had the exquisite pleasure of giving her my seat. She sat down and I stood in front of her, admiring her eyes. The car gave a sudden jolt and then Adrienne was suddenly thrown back into her seat. Her dainty foot shot out and grazed my shin. It was the Dupont Circle experience reversed! She apologized and smiled.

I told the Duke all about it and he waxed jubilant, declaring it would serve as a "motif" in his poem, which would help her solve the

mystery of the identity of the sender. We wrote the poem on a red-purple ribboned typewriter and sent it with some American Beauties to dear Adrienne at her home. We sent the roses on a Tuesday. A ball was to take place on Friday. The Duke had it figured out mathematically that in three days, with a house temperature of about seventy degrees, the roses would be full blown and easily identified *if* she wore them.

I went to the ball Friday night. My heart pounded with delight when I saw Adrienne wearing two of the roses. (I did not attempt to dance as I felt too ill.) The Duke said: "Splendid, old man! I told you, romance appeals to these girls!"

I felt splendid, indeed. I had no time nor inclination to think of nerves or stomachs; only of *romance*. The cure was working wonders. The Duke told me that I should strive to pass Adrienne on the street and receive a tiny smile of recognition from her. I succeeded in passing her, but she did not smile—alas, no! "That is most mysterious," mused the Duke. "Perhaps she does not know the European code about such matters. The thing for you to do now is to meet her."

He would arrange it. I dreaded meeting ladies, considering my nervous state, which is always exaggerated under such circumstances, but the Duke was inexorable. He arranged the meeting for Sunday morning. I took Adrienne driving. She looked more beautiful than ever. We talked of landscapes, trees, flowers and finally of roses. She showed herself amazingly clever, fencing on the subject of *red* roses. Her eyes shone with even greater brilliance than on the evening when I first looked into their great, bewildering depths. Finally, Adrienne admitted receiving some American Beauties from "an unknown" admirer.

"They had long stems—oh, so long," she said. "I cut off the thorns and washed the stems—and wore *two* of the roses to a ball. My escort didn't send me any."

Now I understood why she had not smiled. So she had worn the roses because of vanity and not romance!

"And the poem—did you read it?" I murmured, showing plainly my chagrin.

"I did not understand all of it," she replied with some hesitation. Zounds, didn't she, a *college* girl, know any French? I looked at her in surprise. She continued hurriedly: "The

silk was beautiful, but to be real romantic the poem ought to have been, not typewritten, but *illuminated*."

We drove home. All the way I thought of a sign I saw hung up in the study of my friend, the rector: "Cultivate Thought, Not Sentiment."

That night I played on my zither, but its strings refused to sing of the bliss, though they groaned out the sorrow, of love. I had walked on air but a few hours. Now I was back to heavy earth with a thud!

"There is no romance for one after thirty," I whispered to myself, awaiting sleep, which alone could prove of my troubles—

"The sweet, the healing sedative."

The next day a feeling of great loneliness came over me. I thought of the past eight years; they had been long and sorrowful. I asked myself why I had traveled so many thousands of miles and lived in so many climes? Why had I met so many and remarkable people, from whom I had sought still more remarkable advice? Why had I read so many books, magazines, newspapers, in a half dozen languages, seeking what was not to be found? Why, in-

deed, had I worked so hard to accomplish so little?

I went to Baltimore—"back, back, back to Bal-ti-more"—to consult my old friend, Dr. Jenkins, who had saved me from the surgeon's knife at that infirmary. I had confidence in him, even though he had been unable to direct me to the real cure for my mysterious ailment.

"We *must* find out what is the matter with you," said Jenkins, gravely. "My advice is for you to go to the —— Hospital here for diagnosis. You have tried so many things, it is useless to suggest remedies." On his assurance that there would be no surgery without his and my consent, I agreed.

Soon after entering the great institution I found that there were "others" in this world seeking a diagnosis for mysterious and long-standing ills. In other words, the doctors of these patients did not know what was the matter with them and they finally had confessed as much. I saw a chap who complained of a pain in his side. When he asked for medicine, the doctor answered: "No medicine until we find out what is the matter with you." This frankness filled me with confidence in the hospital and the hospital doctors.

A young medico was the first to find me interesting. He took my history. He wrote and wrote. I had a lot of fun telling him my travels. He wrote until his fountain pen was dry and then asked me if I had much more to say. I answered, "Oh, not more than fifty thousand words." That settled it. He took up a pencil and wrote, "and many other remarkable cures."

Another physician called on me. He made my knees jump; he tickled the soles of my feet and pressed on my stomach and liver. My pedal work seemed to please him; the more I yelped as he tickled me with straws on the soles of my feet (a torture I had read poor missionaries occasionally suffered at the hands of savages), the more pleased was this interne. He said I had been wrecked by excessive work and worry. Then a third doctor appeared. He found that my legs did not have the knee jerks as reported by the other doctors. This was a great discovery. Medico No. 2 was called and told of it. He replied he had seen them. "Well, they are not there now," said the third physician. That night Medico No. 1, who took my history, extracted a drop of blood from my ear, which was wanted for analysis.

A fourth doctor arrived. I found out that he was also a diagnostician. He seemed to "concur in the decision," as judges say. Then the seventieth cure began. It was to rest on the porch day and night, with packs every evening for one hundred nights.

It appears that my first cure of a dozen ice packs lacked persistency. It should have been one hundred packs. Cure No. 70 seemed a combination of fresh air and ice. I did not rebel at the treatment, although the month was February. I was resigned. I was convinced that at this hospital they knew what to do for a man, and did it. I saw more physicians, Jenkins among them. I overheard Jenkins whisper to one elderly colleague that I had a "most interesting stomach." And I heard that man whisper back, "You never can tell in these nervous cases just what form the stomach will assume."

I received but little medicine. I slept well and I had a good appetite. I was allowed a light diet and I was not forced to eat anything I disliked. I lay for days on my back, my eyes closed. I seemed better.

Then I heard an interesting news item, that the great Dr. Oxford would soon visit the hos-

pital. He had just returned from Europe and would visit some of us patients. "If Oxford cannot find out what is the matter with you," declared a rheumatic patient, "then you might as well give up all hope of a diagnosis, for he is never deceived. I have seen men brought in here, wasting away from some mysterious disease that had baffled the skill of the medicos of the entire country. Oxford would walk up to them, take a good look, glance at their history and diagnose the case, whispering to the patient, 'Don't worry, there are plenty of other fish in the sea as good.' And that's what had been the matter all the time—worry over some girl who had died or who had jilted the poor chap. Oxford spots 'em!" I was most anxious to meet Dr. Oxford; perhaps he could throw some light on my case.

I heard more about Oxford. Another patient declared that great physician could diagnose the particular kind of dyspepsia three feet away, just by a glimpse of the patient's tongue; he was said to have diagnosed cases whilst he was on the doorstep and the patient up-stairs, just by hearing the patient cough or speak. He was the Napoleon of diagnosticians!

How well I remember the day that Oxford

was to visit the hospital! Frantic efforts were made by the nurses to take every particle of dust away from chairs that Oxford might sit upon, and a night nurse was aroused at noon and told that she had left a bathroom in "frightful disorder"; the sponge was hanging on the nail which belonged to the flesh-brush.

Oxford arrived. I caught a glimpse of him at noon. He was not a disappointment. He glided into the room with the grace of a German Kronprinz. He slid over the polished floors and his heels did not seem to leave it. Oxford had wonderful eyes, dark, big and of infinite depth. He had a high forehead, and despite his drooping moustache, which gave rather a sad look to his face, he had a pleasant smile.

"Well, is this my horse?" he said, shaking me by the hand. Then he addressed a score of physicians who accompanied him and said, "I've been told this fellow swallows air at times. Some horses have this habit and it is called cribbing. We call it 'ærophagia.' In man it is a symptom of a serious nervous disorder. The best way to detect it, is to have the patient remove his collar and watch his throat. You can then see if he swallows air. I have noticed air-

swallowing more frequently in the higher walks of life. Not infrequently it accompanies dyspepsia. Sometimes the amount of air swallowed is enormous; in these cases the best thing to do is to make the patient keep his mouth open and put a stick between his teeth—then he can't bite the air."

I was gratified to hear that air-swallowing was a fashionable habit; nevertheless, I desired very much to discard it. I swallowed air only under considerable excitement and the habit had been developed largely since visiting doctors. I was conscious of the choking, swallowing sensation in my throat when great people like Oxford visited me. Oxford read the etiology or history of my case and said, "Are you sure, doctors, that there is no stomach trouble here? I should think there would be!" He was assured that none could be discovered by test-meals, observation, stethoscopes, inflation or any other method. Oxford then pointed to the fact that I flushed easily, not only in the face but on the chest. "This man blushes on his chest," he said, smiling, as he studied me. Then he added, "Of course, rest outdoors is indicated, and also the tonic or tub bath in the morning; the packs at night. I should be very

careful not to use rough towels on this man's skin. It is too delicate." Oxford wound up by declaring that he wished me to have a stomach bath every morning, to be continued for a month or more. Finally, smiling pleasantly and shaking me by the hand, he said in a deep voice, "Well, young man, what is the outlook?" I replied I hoped to get well. He laughed. "You will have to lead the simple life hereafter!" he said.

Then he left me, followed by the score of medical men. The idea of swallowing that tube every day was very unpleasant, but I soon learned that science had come to the aid of tube-swallowers. The rubber instrument of torture was kept on ice an hour before swallowing time, and I found that when very cold it did not cause that intense seasick feeling. I learned another trick, which was the right position of holding the head when swallowing the tube. Instead of bending forward as do Fletcherizers, while munching their food, awaiting the moment it will fade away, I had to lean way back. I could soon swallow the tube without difficulty. Many students, nurses and even doctors, came to see me take my morning meal of rubber, and all were delighted at my performance. After a

few weeks I seemed to improve, and Dr. Jenkins asked me as a favor, both to him and to science, to attend a clinic, where I could be shown to students who would soon graduate. Of course, I consented; it would be great fun. Clad in pajamas, a blanket and a pair of slippers on my feet, I was wheeled down to the lecture-room. There Jenkins, looking as wise as an owl, introduced me to the class of about fifteen. One of the students was a pretty, black-eyed girl, who hailed from Kentucky (as I afterwards ascertained). I made up my mind to raise no objection to her taking my pulse even if she were not yet a doctor. Jenkins laid me out on a couch with the skill of a "bag man" displaying his samples, and took off my pajama coat. I was not embarrassed, but the Kentucky girl flushed slightly as I gazed at her. Then I began to blush on my chest, whereupon Jenkins called attention to it. The students gathered around me whilst Jenkins discoursed on dilated stomachs. He wished to prove that a stomach may be dilated by the gaseous distension method without the stomach's being dilated permanently.

It was the same old experiment, and the entire class laughed at the wry face I made when



"Jenkins told the class to listen to my stomach, and at once a whole battery of stethoscopes were thrown over the gastric border."

I swallowed the second potion. Jenkins whipped out his stethoscope and prepared to take notes on the balloon ascension my stomach was about to make. But a surprising thing happened. I felt neither distension nor pain. No more than if I had taken a glass of soda! Jenkins told the class to listen to my stomach, and at once a whole battery of stethoscopes were thrown over the gastric border. But there was no violent distension. Jenkins, with a disappointed and surprised expression, admitted that the demonstration had been a failure. He whispered to me, "That's mighty good for you; you've improved a lot." Before letting me go, Jenkins showed the students how to demonstrate a stricture of the esophagus. He made me swallow a few ounces of water. With a stop-watch in hand and a stethoscope over my epigastrium, he noted the time it took before he heard the water "splash" into my stomach. Several of the students put their fingers on my throat as I swallowed, and I experienced a peculiar thrill as the beautiful Kentuckian touched me under the ear. One of the students was not satisfied with the "splash" the water made when it reached the stomach and said,

“Doctor, the noise is not what it is cracked up to be.”

After a month, the stomach lavage was discontinued, for fear of starting an ulcer, said the interne. I continued to flush without apparent cause, but my weight remained satisfactory, 142 pounds without clothes. After three months of complete inactivity I was allowed to sit up, but as soon as I began to walk, I felt the blood rushing to my head. Dr. Jenkins called on me one day, and said, “If your stomach continues to bother you, why not cut it out?” Then I feared I was in for a surgical operation. I discussed the matter with the interne and he thought an exploratory operation might be necessary. In fact, the doctors had almost agreed to have me go under the knife.

But a sudden and unforeseen development changed their plans and removed the Damocles sword that hung over my stomach. It was all due to a thunderstorm. The time of year was spring; the storm came up suddenly. The thunder was terrible. I became exceedingly nervous, and after a particularly loud clap of thunder I began to swallow air in bucketfuls. The interne was with me at the time; he counseled me to open my mouth and keep it open.

Then he sat on my bed and laughed for several minutes, exclaiming, "No surgery for you, my man; this thunderstorm proves that your stomach trouble arises from nervousness!"

Before I was again turned loose, I was sent to the oculist of the hospital. The ophthalmic man made a very careful examination. He said I was a little nearsighted, but there was no astigmatism, the reputed cause of so many nervous ills. He did *not* put drops in my eyes to paralyze the accommodating muscle which always tries to hide the astigmatic defects of the eye; he said such a procedure was not necessary in my case.

I was allowed to leave the hospital. The doctors declared that my case no longer baffled them. I was suffering from nervous dyspepsia; the nerves were responsible for the stomach ailment. But how to cure the nervous dyspepsia remained to be seen. A few doctors offered suggestions, but I could always say, "Why, I have done that."

The cause of all my misery was still a mystery; but, thank God, no surgeon was "this mystery to explore."

CHAPTER XIV.

Preparing for the End, I Find the Real Cure.

FOR the next few days I read Ven. Thomas à Kempis. I reflected on my physical ills, which had resisted all treatment. If Oxford, the world-famed diagnostician, could not direct me to a cure, who could? Seventy of these alleged cures had been lavished upon my frail tenement of clay—and to no avail!

I found myself a prisoner in the camp of real and imaginary foes. In the morning I was afflicted with depression following a night of disturbed and unrefreshing sleep. During the day I suffered with morbid heats and flushes, coupled with muscular weakness and proneness to fatigue. Again and again I thought of my strange fears—the fright of being in a crowd, the sense of malaise when alone, and the pronounced dread of “things falling” when I passed a high building. And those “fidgets,” culminating in a fury of irritation and a sense of oppression—they had ever been enemies lurking in the dark to harass me.

I asked myself if my various symptoms and manifestations, which had baffled scientific, unscientific and fashionable physicians to relieve, did not really mask some organic disease? I felt that a crisis had been reached. This journey in quest of *the* cure could not last much longer. My vitality, as well as my finances, neared "exhausting depletion."

From Thomas à Kempis I borrowed these words of consolation, writing them on a slip of paper and pasting them in a corner of my mirror:

"I cannot fly from tribulation, but must of necessity fly to Thee, that Thou mayest help me and turn it to good."

While I thus prepared for the inevitable, I happened one day to meet a great explorer, who told me of the dangers he had braved in the four corners of the earth and who described how he, too, had prepared for death. While walking with him I was seized with that "all-gone" sensation in the stomach and was forced from sheer weakness to sit down in the road. My companion asked me if he could do anything to help me. I told him I had tried everything known to science, but that I seemed incurable and was only awaiting death.

He counseled me to go to the table-lands of the great Southwest and with the aid of ozone and sunlight retard the march of the Grim Reaper.

That night I thought over the suggestion and weighed the chances for prolonging my life. I realized that the city, with its boasted comforts of civilization, had become a burden to me in my state of wretched health. I was in a cage. I yearned for the freedom of some remote place, far from railroads and telegraph wires. In a far-away place I could continue my struggle unnoticed. I thought of what a comfort it would be to escape the sight of so many healthy men and women, endowed with splendid nerves—nerves that I lacked! What a relief to get away from their merciless, scrutinizing gaze, directed at my pallid, drawn, emaciated features. I should no longer see that sudden look of alarm they gave me—the look I had seen given criminals when the death sentence was pronounced upon them.

To far-away New Mexico, land of sunshine and oxygenized air, I should go, to struggle for very life itself.

I called on my friend, the Duke, to tell him of my intention. I found him gazing at a

picture. His eyes were red. "I, too, must leave," he said, in a choking voice—"leave *her*."

The Duke asked me if I would help pack his pictures. While we were at work one of the Duke's friends, Fred Townsend, dropped in to see him. He watched us wrap the fair beauties, one by one, and entertained us with stories of his travels. He had been all over Mexico, New and Old. "I went there because I was in bad health," he added. "I was so sick at times that I used to fall from my horse in a dead faint."

"Did life in the open air, in the saddle, and all that kind of thing, not help you?" I asked, with a momentary flash of interest.

"It was merely palliative," he replied. "When I returned to civilization my nervous troubles came with me."

"And you are now cured?" I asked, noticing his look of health.

"Yes, I'm *cured*—cured at last," he said, with a sigh of relief. "I can sit still for hours—a luxury I did not enjoy for over four years."

Here was a man who had had the "FIDGETS!"

"*How were you cured?*" I almost shouted.

Mr. Townsend pointed to his glasses and added: "A great oculist here did the miracle—

and in three weeks. He has been called the 'Good Samaritan' and also 'Sherlock Holmes.' He is a wizard when it comes to curing dyspepsia, nervous troubles and many other diseases due to the eyes."

What an absurd story, I thought. The idea of a pair of glasses curing a chronic nervous disorder! I wore glasses, too, and they did not cure me. I asked Townsend why my glasses did not work the miracle.

"You need the right ones, I suppose," he replied. "I hear there are ten million people in the United States wearing glasses and yet few of these glasses are adjusted accurately to the needs of the eye. Didn't you read that article in the *Good Housekeeping Magazine*, by Algeron Tassin, on 'Why Our Glasses Don't Fit'?"

I admitted that I had not.

"And have you not heard that the strain on the eye resulting from no glasses or from defective glasses does not usually show itself in the *eye*, but in other parts of the body in the form of heart trouble, indigestion, headaches, despondency, irritability, asthma, insomnia, and even criminal tendencies, and a thousand other ailments?"

"I have read many medical works, quite a

number on the stomach," I replied, "and I did not see any statement of astigmatism causing ill health. I remember very well that there is no mention of eye-strain in the work on 'The Stomach' which discussed so elaborately the treatment of all forms of dyspepsia."

"No," replied Townsend, "and it may be fifty years before even the majority of oculists recognize the importance of accurate refraction of the eye to get the sick back to health and to keep them well. I went to a supposedly 'great oculist' in Chicago, who charged me \$20 a visit and who failed to put the right glasses on me."

"How did you know they were not the right ones?" I asked.

"Because I continued to have fainting spells and this terrible nervousness."

Townsend counseled me to see his oculist and said that the great man was moderate in his charges—\$10 for a series of visits, or until the proper prescription for glasses had been made.

That night I pondered over Townsend's strange cure. Did it not sound like a miracle? But was he not mistaken? I was convinced that in my case new glasses could do me no good. Had not the great medicos at the great Baltimore hospital examined my eyes with

other parts of my anatomy and had they not said my eyes were all right?

It would be useless for me to consult this Sherlock Holmes. Once and for all I had determined to "shun all doctors"—just as the great cardinal had advised. I should pack up and leave for a mountain-side in far-away New Mexico. There I would enjoy the sunshine by day and the on-coming brilliance of the stars at night—thus to await the end.

So I tendered my resignation to the managing editor of our paper, to take effect one month from that date.

While I prepared for my journey to New Mexico I had several visits from Townsend, who begged me at least to see this miracle-worker before leaving for the Southwest. But I had lost all faith in doctors and in "cures."

One day I took luncheon with a Catholic priest, a man of fine intellect, rugged health and classic features. I asked him if he had ever met Townsend's oculist. "No," he replied, "but I have heard of him. That wonderful man cured a little boy in my parish who was supposed to be an incurable epileptic. He put a pair of glasses on him and the boy was all right

in twenty-four hours, and the cure has stood the test of time."

My curiosity was excited. I decided to investigate. On the way to the oculist's home I met a man, who confided to me that he was also seeking a cure for nerves. "I have a most distressing malady," he explained; "every time I ride in a cab I have to jump out."

"Do you think this place is a Lourdes?" I asked.

"Well, I can't say, but many of my friends have been cured."

The doctor's waiting-room was crowded with patients, most of them ladies. My, what big pupils their eyes had! I remarked this to my jumping companion.

"It is due to atropine," he whispered. "We, too, will get our drops."

But I was so restless I could not wait for my turn. As I started out I ran right into the doctor, a tall man, straight as an arrow, with a gray Van Dyke beard and eyes which twinkled behind spectacles.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked, looking at me curiously.

"I have nervous dyspepsia," I replied hurriedly.

"Who told you that?" he asked, with a smile of incredulity.

"Dr. Oxford, the world's greatest diagnostician," I answered breezily, expecting to see him crushed.

"He did, did he?" exclaimed the oculist, laughing. "And did he tell you that ninety-five per cent. of nervous dyspepsia is due to the EYES. *You* look as though you had eye-strain, my boy."

Then he asked me how long it was since I had my glasses changed. I told him seven or eight years and added that the doctors at the famous hospital told me that I did not need a change of glasses.

"*Seven or eight years!*" exclaimed the oculist. "Then you ought to have eye-strain! Glasses should be changed every three years up to the age of fifty-two; after that, every two years."

I wondered if this man knew what he was talking about? If he did, then I had been a victim of a terrible mistake.

I returned the next day, had drops put in my eyes and in less than one hour the great oculist exclaimed: "*Astigmatism in both eyes.*"

"And what is astigmatism?" I asked, bewildered.

"Astigmatism is a faulty curvature of the front part of the eye, the cornea," he replied, "which causes a badly focussed picture on the retina of everything seen. The imperfect vision resulting and the striving to overcome it, or compensate for it, causes *eye-strain*. And it doesn't end there. It produces much sickness of the nervous system, mind and body, which can be prevented or cured only by scientific spectacles."

"The eye, then, is——" I began.

"A projection of that king of the nervous system, the brain itself," the oculist interposed. "Being of royalty it is able to pass on its taxes and afflictions to lowlier organs—to the throat, the lungs, the stomach, or the liver, etc."

"But how does the eye do this?" I asked.

"It is the mystery of the nervous system," he replied. "That you have escaped headaches is remarkable; but you have had stomach distress and shattered nerves instead."

Then I thought of what Townsend had told me about eye-strain not usually showing itself in the EYE.

I told the great oculist some of my cures and of my adventures with certain doctors.

"You have met not a few quacks," he remarked, with a look of disgust.

"All—except my Chiro man—had Latin diplomas on their walls," I retorted.

We returned to eyes. "It is folly to try to get an accurate knowledge of the eye without paralyzing the accommodating muscle," continued the oculist. "That is why even oculists failed to find astigmatism in your case."

He gave me a prescription for glasses, and I was impressed with the great care he took to see that it was filled accurately. In three days I was wearing the new glasses. But my fidgets and my other ills continued. "You won't find a cure in twenty-four hours," the doctor said in an encouraging tone. "It will take three weeks at least before you note any great difference."

After two weeks some of my friends remarked: "You are not so nervous as you used to be. What is the cure?" I said nothing, assuring myself that the glasses were merely palliative. No more false hopes for me!

When I returned to the oculist to say farewell he gave me some advice about shunning "nose-pinching glasses," which he termed "the

abomination of this age, due to vanity," and said they were injurious as the eyes usually do not see through the center of the glass. He warned me to keep my spectacles tilted, with the center of the glass opposite the center of the pupil, and to shade my eyes in the glare of New Mexico's skies.

"I feel a little better," I remarked.

"You will continue to improve if you take care of your eyes," predicted the oculist. He came out to the door and looked peeringly into them. "Great Scott, but they have changed!" he cried. "When you came here the first time you looked like a wild man—I was afraid of you."

"I was extremely nervous after eight years of battle," I replied.

I told all of my friends good-bye and started for New Mexico. In Chicago, I had a few hours. I forgot all about nerves and dyspepsia and ate a hearty meal at a restaurant. It did not trouble me. Passing the Princess Theatre I saw the sign: "Matinee." How I yearned to enter, but it had been over eight years since I could sit through a performance—so restless and fidgety did I feel. Then it occurred to me to make a test of the new "cure," for it was just

three weeks since I had tried glasses—or three weeks and four days.

There was not a single end-seat left—the kind of seat the restless desire at a theatre. So I took what I could get and was sandwiched in between a dozen matinee girls.

It was a delightful performance, with lots of romance and mystery, love and red roses, with Sallie Fischer as the star. Act after act rolled by and at the last scene I was still in my seat without a fidget, or a tremor. Indeed, in every joint, in every muscle, in every nerve, I felt “the soul serenity sensation.”

As the curtain fell for the last time, I jumped out of my seat and fairly shouted with joy: “I AM CURED!” The matinee girls near me looked bewildered as though a madman had accosted them.

I ran down the steps and rushed into the box office, up to the man who had sold me the ticket. Ringing him warmly by the hand, I exclaimed: “I AM CURED.” He looked at me in amazement.

Out in the streets a newsboy offered me an “extra.” I embraced him as I gave him a dollar. “I am cured at last,” I said by way of explanation, as he seemed stunned with surprise.



Hugh Dole

"Out in the streets a newsboy offered me an 'extra.' I embraced him as I gave him a dollar. 'I am cured at last,' I said by way of explanation, as he seemed stunned with surprise."

I could have hugged anybody I met on the streets I felt so happy, so wildly happy—for after eight long years experimenting with doctors and cures I had finally found the really scientific man of my dreams; after taking seventy unavailing cures, I was CURED at last!

CHAPTER XV

Four Years Afterward, and Still Cured.

HERE I am in the Great Southwest, where I was to have died—and, behold, I live.

Here, where I was to have ended my days, they seem only just to have begun. For it is now over four years since I bought my ticket for New Mexico. I have been able to resume newspaper work, toiling day and night, reading proof and writing at great speed. I have lived under skies so bright that they would injure most eyes, unless they were in first-class working shape. Yet I have enjoyed those four years. I have been able to sit still and rest. My soul has clothed itself with serenity; my tenement of clay has been filled with “poise, peace and power.” And my stomach—I no longer think about it!

To what do I owe it all? To a couple of insignificant bits of glass (to *me*, very significant), placed in proper relation to my eyes!

I look back with incredulity at those eight years of hysterical health-hunting, in which I

was not cured, but overcured. Ah, fatal hour when I entered the first infirmary! From a comparatively healthy, if tired, young man, I became the plaything of every doctor's fad and every faddist's fancy, until at last I was reduced to a physical and nervous wreck.

I watch sadly the crowds of suffering humanity who still travel to mineral waters, who are still practiced upon, and who even succumb to the surgeon's knife. It is for the sake of my friends, known and unknown, who still wander the earth in search of a CURE, that I have been tempted to write my experiences.

Dear Reader, may you find your "bits of glass," and may some really scientific man adjust them to your nose!

THE END.

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